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# HIDDEN LIFE

MEMORIALS OF J. W. WINSLOW


600024583S



# HIDDEN LIFE.



Yours Most Sincerely
J. Whitfield Wine

ENGD BY J. E. HUNT, FROM A PHOTO.

1872.

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BRIGHTON:
NOYES AND FRIEND, PRINTERS,
WESTERN ROAD.

# PREFACE.

THE writer trusts that in compiling the present volume he is not putting together again the pieces of an idol which God had shattered; in other words, reinstating in its lonely shrine the object of a parental affection too fond, and of a father's hope too ambitious. Severe, yet wise and loving, has been the discipline by which God has sought to chasten and subdue the heart's idolatry. That heart, sincere and undivided, He will have. And worthy, most worthy, is He of affection's deepest, supremest pulse. Were every being and every object in the universe annihilated but JESUS, He were enough to fill the soul with happiness, and eternity with admiration and praise.

And yet we may love the dead! "The love that survives the tomb," remarks a distinguished American writer,* "is one of the noblest attributes

* Irving.

of the soul." True, it is not an unmixed feeling. It has its element of sadness, its dash of woe,—its sigh,—its tear. Nevertheless, when the first overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into quiet submission,—when the sudden shock and convulsed agony is softened into pensive meditation on all that the object we loved was in the day of its loveliness,—there is then a feeling we would not exchange for the world's most joyous revelry. And when we repair to the tomb to weep, there comes from it a voice sweeter than the sweetest song; and we turn from the charm of the living and find ourselves more at home in the hallowed remembrance of, and in sacred communion with, the blessed dead!

Not, then, to reinspire an undue affection, is the object of these pages, but to embalm a loved and cherished memory in a 'Memorial,' that shall present to those of his own age and position the moral portrait of a life which, though hidden and brief, may, in its unveiling, attract and fix a restless eye,—raising it from its contemplation of the imperfect copy to a yet higher admiration and love of the divine and peerless Original. Thus may God, in a way that transcends all human forethought, still employ His young servant in a

mission of saving mercy to those for whose spiritual well-being he cultivated the talents of his youth, and to whom he hoped to dedicate the labours and service of his life. Thoughts, not heroic deeds; feelings, and not varied and stirring incident, are all that must be expected in a life so shaded, studious and transient as was his.

The writer cannot trust himself to advert to the stroke which removed from him in a moment a son so lovely, promising, and dear. Nature sank—grace upheld—or the mind that has traced these pages had been a ruin and a blank. He can testify—and it is his duty as his privilege so to do—that JESUS is all-sufficient for life's heaviest calamity, for the heart's deepest woe. Human sympathy, sanctified and chastened by divine grace, has been in the hour of unutterable anguish, a source of exquisite soothing. But for the tide which flowed in upon his bereaved home from well-nigh each quarter of the globe, and from all sections of Christ's Church, he could scarcely have believed that so much real affection, and that so much tender sympathy still entwined itself around our fallen and ruined humanity. He gladly avails himself of this occasion of expressing to his beloved friends,—those whom he personally knows and those

whose faces he has not seen in the flesh—for so of the most touching and delicate offerings condolence were anonymous—the warmest a knowledgments of his heart.* He would als refer to the calming influence of sacred poetry on a mind whelmed with grief. To this channel of comfort he is deeply indebted. This will account for the introduction of several poetical pieces at the close of the volume—pieces kindly sent to the author in his affliction—the tranquilising effect of which was all that his sympathizing correspondents could have wished. They are inserted now not so much as specimens of the choicest poetry, as with the hope that, possibly, they may again meet the eye and soothe the heart of some disconsolate mourner. Of a beautiful poem entitled "The Wells of Baca," by Dr. Macduff, particular and grateful acknowledgment would be made.

It has been a painful task—yet not without its peculiar blessing—to prepare this 'Memorial.' Its

* The writer must be pardoned for especially referring to the timely sympathy of the Rev. C. D. Marston, Minister of Christ Church, Dover; J. B. Knocker, Esq., R.N., of the same place; and the Rev. William Tait, Minister of St. Matthew's, Rugby, as 'true sons of consolation,' to whom he will owe a deep and lasting debt of gratitude. Nor can he ever forget the affectionate sympathy of his own beloved congregation, and of the feeling and attached community among whom he dwells.

imperfections are many and palpable; and the standard it has reached falls far below the original aim of the author. Indeed, such has been the excess of feeling and depth of emotion, as the hidden and spiritual life of his child gradually unfolded to his view in all its surprise and beauty, by the perusal of papers, of the existence of which he was totally ignorant, that he has found it most difficult so to calm and control the mind as properly to execute the work. May God the Holy Ghost bless the volume which, with great diffidence, is now submitted to the public, and to the TRIUNE JEHOVAH will be ascribed all honour and praise!

LEAMINGTON,
*November*, 1857.

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## PREFACE TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

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THE Compiler of this "Memorial" cannot allow a new edition to issue from the press, without devoutly and gratefully acknowledging to the praise and glo ry of God alone, the divine blessing and human favour which have affixed their seal to

the work. Its sphere of usefulness — as was to be expected—has been, for the most part, limited to YOUNG MEN, with whose peculiar temptations, struggles and aspirations — especially those of College life — the experience of the gifted and holy subject has most in sympathy. It was to the author a touching and expressive incident that, while the present edition was being revised for the press, he received the personal testimony of a Cleryman of the Church of England, and the Incumbent of a large parish, to the great spiritual help its perusal offered him while an Undergraduate at Cambridge. With renewed prayer for a yet larger blessing, it is again—with a slight addition of new matter—sent forth on its holy mission of love.

BRIGHTON,
*January*, 1872.

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# MEMORIALS

OF

# JOHN WHITMORE WINSLOW.

## CHAPTER I.

The rest of the glorified active—A service and a study in heaven—Immortality of the soul—Explains the mystery of premature death—John Whitmore Winslow's birth—Early indications of seriousness—Anecdote of childhood—Parental solicitude—Nature of true conversion—His entrance at the Leamington College—Commencement of his journal—French Revolution—Thoughts on European politics—On the fallen condition of man—The Lord's 'hidden one'—Journal—Sir Robert Peel—The power of God—A school trial—Prayerful anxiety respecting examination—Lines addressed to him—Letter to Mrs. R.—Grace glorious.

THE rest of heaven is not an inactive repose. There is a service and a study there—a wider sphere of engagement and themes of loftier thought,—befitting the ennobled and perfected condition of the glorified. Surely the present life is not the terminus of the soul's existence, nor the limit of its inquiries. How insoluble the mystery of our being were it so! The endowments of intellect and grace which God,

in some instances, so remarkably bestows, possess the germ of a higher development, and are instinct with pantings after a more extended range of action than their present limited sphere permitted. Man is the only creature of God the progress of whose being towards perfection seems arrested. And but for the doctrine which unveils a future state of existence, what an inexplicable phenomenon would he be! Faint, we admit, is the revealed light which falls upon the inspired page revealing to us the condition of the "*spirits of just men made perfect*,"—their locality and employments, the sphere of their mission and the subjects of their study. These are questions of profound mystery. We are told, indeed, that they "*serve God day and night in His temple*," that they "*know even as also they are known*," and that in holiness they are like the glorified Christ—and this seems the extent of the revelation,—nor need we ask for more. With such a prospect we can well wait and toil and suffer, until we ascend and mingle with the blest. This cloud-veil upon our present knowledge of the "*saints in light*," contravenes not the idea of such an existence as involves the complete expansion and supreme consecration of all the faculties and powers of the soul. Man is not the dwarf that infidelity would make

him. The present is but the embryo of our being, the twilight of our future; and all that we now are, and all that we now know, forms the outline only of what we shall be and of what we shall know, "*when that which is perfect is come, and when that which is in part shall be done away.*"

We regard, then, the strange providence which sometimes appears to interpose an impassable barrier between the infancy and the manhood of our nature—which in a moment plunges into seeming annihilation a being of rare intellectual and moral endowment, whose life bid so fair for the cause of God and of truth, so far from casting the shadow of a doubt upon the doctrine of a life beyond the present, but confirms and illustrates the fact. We infer,—and the induction is as strictly logical as the sentiment is exquisitely soothing—that there must be another world of thought, of action, and of enjoyment, more suitable than the present, to which the Master has translated His servant; and the intellect that adorned and the grace that sanctified him on earth, is, without a fetter or a cloud, supremely and unceasingly employed in the service and for the glory of God in heaven. And if it is the Divine will that the sun of human life just gilding the horizon with the golden promise of a full and

brilliant course, should "*go down while it is y day*," we may safely conclude that God has bu transferred it to another and wider orbit, in a brighter and a holier world, where it shines in meridian effulgence to set no more for ever. What union of poetry and sublimity is there in the Divine description which bears our thoughts onwards to this glorious hope—"*Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.*"

Such, in the calmer moments of grief, were the reflections which the sudden and, to human view, the premature death of our beloved son awakened. He was our first-born. His coming seemed to unfold to us a new existence, unscaling the first spring and inspiring the first breath of parental affection and prayer. Especially and solemnly set apart for God *by prayer*—for viewing Baptism as a solemn profession of *faith* in the Lord Jesus Christ, and consequently the individual and voluntary act of an intelligent and believing mind, we preferred, what appeared to us, the more scriptural form of infant dedication—he was from his cradle regarded as not our own, but the Lord's. Prayer anticipated, prayer attended, prayer and praise celebrated his birth; thus enveloped with a

cloud of intercession as a robe, he entered upon the scene of his earthly existence—an existence so full of promise—so soon to close!

JOHN WHITMORE WINSLOW was born in New York, United States, January 27, 1835, and while yet a child, accompanied us to England, where he pursued his education and closed his brief career. We proceed at once to unfold the *religious* history of the subject of these memorials—this being their principal object—the intellectual will be seen in blended harmony with the spiritual, as his character and thoughts develop. We cannot refer to the exact time or means of his first felt interest in divine realities. The 'rise and progress of religion in the soul' may fitly be compared to the first faint glimmer of a star piercing the gloom of night, the constellations increasing in magnitude and lustre until the whole firmament becomes one vast dome of light. The figure, we think, is descriptive of Whitmore's earliest religious impressions. As there was not a period from the first dawn of intelligence in which he was not a student—for *books* were his favourite and constant companions from earliest childhood until the *last* moment of life—so we can scarcely point to the time when he appeared not to have received that Divine touch, which, in after years, gave a form so decided and a

tint so beautiful to his whole character and life. To our view he seemed like the prophet of old. sanctified from his birth.* As a child he was remarkable for his seriousness of spirit, and interest in spiritual things. Some small memoranda of his thoughts and feelings, when but just able to use the pen, exist to show how soon the 'ruling passion' began to evince itself. Several anecdotes of childhood are recollected, one only of which we quote as reflecting the future man. One of his little playfellows boasting to him on one occasion of the number of noble relations he possessed, inquired of Whitmore, "If he had any lords in *his* family?" Whitmore replied, "As for that I don't know much; but my mamma says that we have the *Lord* Jesus Christ for our elder brother."

His childhood was peculiarly marked by filial piety. His attachment to us, as his parents, was deep and reverential; and no act of disobedience or of untruthfulness, tracing the history of his boyhood, can be recalled. Such was our confidence in his purity of character, integrity, and truthfulness, there was no place in which we could not trust him beyond our eye, and no circumstance in which we could not repose the most implicit reliance on his word. The subject of early re-

* Jer. i. 5.

ligious tuition, and trained in the "*nurture and admonition of the Lord*," it is not remarkable that the happiest result should soon appear; that impressions were made which were never effaced; that principles were instilled which survived the blighting exposure of early youth, and proved the indestructible germs of his future and permanent character; that truths were inculcated in their elemental form, which, with the secret, silent and gentle influence of the Holy Spirit, laid the foundation in his infant mind of his future eternity of happiness. And yet to his natural disposition and character—remarkable for the loveliest and gentlest traits which adorn our fallen humanity—some of these primary appearances may, in part, be ascribed. It was probably the season of 'first *love*,' rather than that of first intelligent and definite *conviction*. The heart was more deeply touched than the judgment impressed, or the conscience roused. Still there was, without doubt, the invisible hand of God secretly moving upon his young mind. And yet so closely did the natural resemble the supernatural—the affections and impulses of the unrenewed heart, those of the heart under the gracious and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit—that it required no little nicety of discernment and sternness of impartiality to say

where nature terminated and grace began. It was this characteristic feature which made his actual and real conversion to God a subject of so much intense anxiety and solicitude. We wanted to see the more decidedly scriptural and unmistakeable evidence of a work of grace in the soul—the voluntary and avowed dedication of himself to Christ. Naturally of a reflective and serious mind, possessing extreme refinement of feeling, purity of taste, and gentleness of address, by many observers, thus won by a thoughtfulness and solemnity beyond his years, he would, doubtless, have been pronounced a true subject of converting grace and a proper recipient of the rites and privileges of the Christian church. But, while his conduct from earliest childhood up to the period of his own acknowledged religious conviction was most exemplary, neither himself nor those who knew and loved him the most, were fully satisfied that the great, the momentous, the all-important, all-essential change had taken place,—that he had actually "*followed Christ in the regeneration*,"—that, in a word, he had really and decidedly "*passed from death unto life*." Bible conversion is essentially different from the views which many entertain of the nature of this great and essential change. They who, believing in sacramental grace, make it to consist in sub-

mission to the rite of baptism, are as ignorant of the nature, as it is to be feared they are destitute of the possession, of that spiritual and radical renovation of heart without which no man can see the kingdom of God.

WHITMORE had not yet given such marked evidence as would admit of a decided opinion in his case. Our anxiety was to know that, under the drawings of divine love, he had really and unreservedly surrendered his young heart to God, and that that surrender should be sealed by a public avowal of his faith in the Saviour. But while this decision was reserved for a later and more matured period of life, there were not wanting indications of seriousness and earnestness on the all-important subject of personal religion. He read his Bible diligently, would often retire from the family circle to the privacy of his room, and has been seen on his return to have been in tears. Blessed indices these to a Christian parent's inquiring eye, of the "*Day Star rising in the heart!*" It was clear to us, too, that *principle* governed the lowliest of his actions, that the fear of God ruled his whole conduct. The fruit blossoming on this beautiful stem was not such as mere nature produced. His conduct was the reflection of the inner man touched by a gracious influence. His

holy shrinking from sin—his remarkable purity mind—his studious avoidance of those leviti peculiar to his tender age, blended with a remarkable degree of conscientiousness, were among th peculiar traits of his early years. But although there was manliness in his appearance and address,—his tall and elegant person martial in its form and bearing—yet so retiring was his natural disposition, it was by the gentle, silent influence of his life—noiseless yet steady as the light—rather than the utterances of the lip, that we felt convinced that the Holy Spirit was secretly yet effectually brooding over his young soul. His was *hidden* life. He was "*a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.*" That such in reality was the case will subsequently appear.

In 1849 he was transferred from a private school to the Leamington College. It was at this period, when but just *fourteen* years of age, that he commenced a record of his religious and mental exercises, with occasional observations on the current public events of the day. The existence of such a journal was unknown to his family, until found among his papers after death. And now that the eye has perused the precious record —unfolding as it does a mind so reflective and intelligent, and a heart so trained to communion

with itself and with God—we are impressed and saddened with the thought, how little even then those who had his fullest confidence and warmest affection knew of the deep workings of his soul. His, indeed, was a *hidden life!* There dwelt among us a mind of superior mould, a heart of refined and delicate sensibility, a spirit of exquisite feeling and sensitiveness—and a being under the moulding of the Spirit of Grace,—but so cloistered and vailed within itself, that we scarcely knew how real and precious was our treasure!

It was at the early age of *fourteen*, as we have remarked, that he traced the first line of his journal. He commenced it at an exciting period of the world's history—the second French Revolution had just hurled Louis-Philippe from the throne of France. The whole of Europe, convulsed by the shock, was in a state of the utmost excitement and alarm. England—tranquil amidst the political earthquake, a calm yet interested spectator of the warring elements—alone was unmoved. It was at this crisis that Whitmore's diary commenced. It was just such a period as would most naturally quicken into fervour sensibilities like his, and produce a strong impression upon his young, ardent imagination. We find his journal opening with a rapid survey of the events thus transpiring on the

Continent of Europe, accompanied by observ on their political and moral bearings, remar in a boy so young.

"*Leamington, June 29th*, 1849.—Interested in rea the journal of another, I commence one myself, and a eventful period of the world's history. National revo tions and changes are daily occurring; wars and conv sions are shaking the foundations of the earth, and '*men hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking aft those things which are coming on the earth.*' These are not times for listlessness and trifling; the stirring events which have occurred, and which are occurring, are well calculated to awaken in the minds of men thoughtfulness and consideration. And woe to him that regards not the '*signs of the times.*' Every one will remember the year that is just past—the memorable year of 1848—when the Continent of Europe, thought to be composed of the most stable kingdoms in the world, felt the first sudden shock of the French Revolution, and has been shaken to its centre.

"A popular movement, sudden in its birth, and no less great in its momentous consequences, had shaken the throne which seemed so firm, and Louis-Philippe has in three short days fallen; and the king of 'La Grande Nation,' he who when in power persecuted and dethroned a noble, godly, and defenceless Queen,* afflicted by the just displeasûre of an offended God, has fled with his Minister, M. Guizot, a fugitive to the shores of England. Italy, Austria, Hungary, Denmark, and numerous other

* Pomare, Queen of Otaheite.

States, struck by the panic, have felt the swelling tide of the revolution. But the only State I shall make particular mention of is, Italy. The Pope, the so-called Head of the Church and vicar of Christ, (who would have thought it a year ago?) has fallen from his pompous throne; and he who so lately was respected, reverenced, and worshipped, by almost the whole populace of Rome, has been forced to fly in the garb of a footman, to escape their indignant vengeance. Light, for so long a period chained, has burst its fetters and recovered its wonted freedom, and with its mighty power is scattering darkness with a force like the wind which driveth away the chaff. But during this period the French, ready to catch at any novelty, and without thinking of his personal qualities, have elected Louis Napoleon as the President of their Republic; and he, in concert with his ministers, has sent an expedition (under General Oudinot) to capture Rome —for what object no one knows, though it is generally believed, to reinstate the Pope, which event, I think, will be impossible without a hard struggle. If there ever was an error in French politics, it is this. However, there the French army is before the gates of Imperial Rome; and despite of an effort to treat with the Roman triumvirate, have for a whole month been kept at bay by its brave and resolute defenders. The conflict will not be without immense slaughter—and for what? to restore to his See an ignominious Pope! Such are the affairs of Europe at the present moment. But not France only is taking a prominent part in the picture, but Austria is also figuring in the great drama. Some of her most important States have rebelled, and she is forced to accept

the succour of Russia. Hungary is struggling bravely for liberty which she may in the end gain, the Austrians having been beaten on several occasions, their fortresses and ammunition captured. The valiant Piedmontese, with their King Charles Albert, have also struggled to be free from the Austrian yoke; but in their case the Austrians have prevailed. Germany, too, has felt the surging of the revolution. She is maintaining a bloody warfare with Denmark. And now for Britain!—

"Clear has she steered her bark through turbulent seas covered with numerous wrecks. The foot of the invader has not touched her shores; but, on the contrary, she has been the refuge of the fugitive, and the home of the exile. While another sovereign, unseated from his throne, has sought safety on British soil, firmly enthroned upon hers and surrounded by her loyal and faithful subjects, BRITAIN'S QUEEN still wields her strong and glittering sceptre. But what has upheld England in the midst of these wars and convulsions? It is not merely her constitution, but it is the '*salt*' that is in the land. And who are represented by this salt but those Christians who are struggling with their lives for the spiritual welfare of the people, and who, although few in number and feeble in influence, raise their voices against vices and sins which are getting the ascendency? But is it the *abundance* of the salt that has preserved and saved our land? Oh, no! God has had respect to its scarcity. What would have been the punishment of our legislators and of the country at large, if the same scourge of revolution had afflicted us,—for many are the sins of our senators and the rulers of our land! Many have been the artful bills they have

introduced into Parliament, tending to overturn the Christianity of the nation, which but for the stringent efforts of the true salt would have been eventually carried. Think of the idea of rewarding the popish priests of Ireland for upholding popery, misery, and crime *—for encouraging the people to rebellion—paying the very priests who have been the chief instigators and abettors of all this tumult.† Is this their hatred of sin? Is this their regard for religion? Talk of liberty! boast of freedom! in the nineteenth century a clergyman, who for conscience' sake would not preach the erroneous doctrines of a Tractarian bishop, has been incarcerated in a common gaol.‡ Truly these are the 'latter days' when 'signs and wonders' shall happen among the children of men. In California eighteen hundred miles of gold have been discovered, and thousands of adventurers have embarked in search of the treasure. At home equally important discoveries have been made: but I must now give a short account of my past life.

"I was born on January 27, 1835, in New York; and when about four years old accompanied my parents to England, and have resided with them in Leamington, Warwickshire, for the last ten years, my beloved father presiding over a congregation in this place, and am being educated at the Leamington College. It is at this period of my life that I commence a Journal."

Passing from this intelligent survey of public and political events, he proceeds to a matter of a

* The Maynooth Grant. † The Irish Rebellion.
‡ The Rev. James Shore.

more personal nature, and
interest to himself. No one
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breathes, like the first inspirati
grance so rich throughout the

"*June 30th. Saturday.*—What
man! Day by day calls forth more
his heart; and yet his whole affecti
very object which is fostering and
pravity. His great ambition is to wi

the world—a world that slew the King of kings—a world full of sin and sorrow, the medium by which Satan endeavours to blind the eyes of the children of men. And yet, after all, what a vain world it is! It promises much, but realizes nothing. The more we expect pleasure, the more are we disappointed in it. Oh, what would man be, if instead of seeking the friendship and the love of a dying world, he would seek that of JEHOVAH! And yet how prone are we to lament when we are frowned upon by the world. If we did not seek its smiles, we should not mind its frowns. But the more we are delighted at the world's praise, the more are we discomforted and made unhappy by its disapprobation. But take the world as a whole—what is it? a speck in the universe—a ball floating in the air, surrounded by other world's greater and more magnificent than itself. And yet, after all, this very world has been the theatre of the greatest events that ever have happened, or could happen;—namely, the incarnation and death of the Son of God, the Creator of all beings and things that exist both of matter and of mind. In the person of his dear Son, Jehovah bowed Himself down to save the sinful creature man—man made in His own image, yet disobedient and rebelling against the kind and beneficent Creator, who, nevertheless, in order to show His love in its full perfection, resolved upon providing for the salvation of this most wonderful species of the creation. And now that man may be reconciled to God, need we fear the hatred and scorn of the world, whose pretended power He could arrest in a moment? Or shall we love the world which hated and scorned, and ultimately slew our loved Redeemer?

"To-day my dear father returned from London, where he has been invited to the pastoral charge of a large church, but not seeing his way clear, has decided to remain where he is, to the great joy of his flock, whose affection for him is very great."

"*20th.*—Just returned from hearing a delightful sermon —delightfnl, because it found its way to the intellect and the heart. His sermons are such as few can appreciate—those only whose minds are rich and tender, like mellowed soil, opening to receive the seed. As such, they must be, to a great degree, intellectual. But I should say their character is less that of intellectual truth than of heart-experience, with a torrent of sanctified feeling, savouring all of Jesus, which sweeps away every minor consideration, and produces permanent benefit upon the soul. Persons going to hear him, expecting merely deep erudition, soft persuasive eloquence, and graceful delivery, may often come away disappointed; but they will find, instead, deep pathos, energy almost to excess, and truth full, free and spiritual. You need not ask his theme—you may anticipate it. His theme, in fact, his *one* theme, is—JESUS and His cross, and all the rest, like graceful festoons, but surround this glorious centre-piece. This is the reason why his preaching would not, perhaps, be denominated 'popular,' simply because his feeling, not his language, is unintelligible to the general mass. But the 'poor in spirit,' the downcast, and the afflicted, thrive beneath it. Those who are living much in the world in thought and action, who love not what he terms 'the cross,' cannot comprehend him. This term, like many employed by the Latin and Greek poets, expresses in a concrete form a vast

range of general and abstract truth, and it is the burden of his whole discourse. What it means is—JESUS, His life and death, His grand Atonement, and His undying interest in His Church. The reason that so few preachers make this their great and chief theme, and that so many hearers dislike it as their habitual food, is evident to any one in the least degree acquainted with the human heart. Alas! how often have I had to class myself amongst these rebellious and unprofitable hearers. So true is it that spiritual preaching can never find its way to any but a spiritual understanding."

He was yet a mere youth when he noted down the following salient points of a sermon he heard from the late Rev. James Harington Evans, whose spiritual ministrations it was his privilege occasionally to attend, and thus intelligently to appreciate. *Text*—Matt. xxi., 22: "*And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.*"

"I would caution you against *indolent* prayer, though no one needs the caution more than I myself. Knocking and going away, (unanswered,) shew that our wants are not great. God puts a high honour on faith; but the world takes a contemptuous view of it. 'Believe, and sit at your ease,' is the world's language. But is it easy to believe? Is it easy to rest my soul's salvation upon God's word,—to place my hope in Christ's blood,—to have no doubt,—to count my own righteousness as filthy rags? Is it all so easy? Do not many come to this sanctuary,

hear of the awfulness of an approaching eternity, b
are never brought to believe? Is it so easy with th
of God? It requires as much the power of God t
the spark alive as to create it. The world no
thinks faith easy, but irrational, yea, a dangerous
But what an honour God puts upon faith as a *rec*
grace! Even the weakest receive a full, a free
God also puts a great honour upon it as a *comm*
grace. He yields to the power of faith although it
gift. Some will, perhaps, enquire, "why does G
such an especial honour upon faith?" Because fait
such an especial honour upon Him. I give one pr
obedience by asking, and then believing that I shall r
Is it honouring God by half trusting, half hoping!
it dishonours Him. According to your faith be i
you; believing that what He has spoken He will ass
bring to pass."

Strangely prophetic would seem the next e
And yet little did he then anticipate how s
illustration he would himself, and so soon, pr
of the affecting truth:—

"*Sunday, July 1st.*—How short is time, and v
small portion is allotted to man to prepare for a
world! And yet how careless is he of that time!
frail the thread upon which life hangs—a few hou
ness may carry him away into a world of endless
ness, or of endless woe. The cholera is making sad r
in our land."

penetrating. He would seem to have possessed the faculty, singular even in more matured life, of clearly discerning between the specious and the real, especially in the all-momentous subject of religion. Does not his skill in detecting the counterfeit, betray an intimate acquaintance with the true coin?

"*July 6th.*—How little have appearances to do with realities! The outward show has often the effect of deceiving. Deceit is, indeed, one of the prominent features in man; he deceives others, he deceives himself. The world is truly a false world; and does it not show the depravity of man's heart when after tasting its bitter, feeling its pains, and experiencing its disappointments and sorrows, he should still cling to that ever promising, yet ever deceiving world? Yesterday, I went to a party at ——. Had a game of cricket; upon the whole, enjoyed myself, at least if this poor world's pleasures may be called enjoyment. But in that very family whose prospects seem so bright, whose station in life is so good, trouble has inflicted its sting. Ah! it is true, painfully true, that sorrow is the lot of all on earth; and I would not believe the individual who said that he knew an exception."

"*Saturday, 7th.*—The French have at last capitulated with the Romans, and have entered the city. What they will do now that they are there remains to be seen. The Pope never asked or desired their interference, and I rather think he is in a worse predicament than before."

His next entry makes the first allusion to the sacred profession to which he would seem, at this early period, to have consecrated his future life. We would not anticipate the close of these Memorials, yet at this stage we are forcibly reminded of a principle in God's dealings with His people, viz., His gracious acceptance of the heart's desire to serve Him where His will and providence permit not the actual service. Henry Kirke White and Brainerd Taylor, young Urquhart, the two Mackenzies, and John Mackintosh, all laid their youthful talents and lives upon the altar of the Christian ministry,—but God had need of them in glory, and translated them early there. And inasmuch as it was in their hearts to serve Him in His kingdom on earth, they were accepted of Him, and removed to another and a higher service in heaven.

"*Sunday, July 8th.*—Oh that I may never swerve from the resolution which I have made in my mind to-day! He who has felt what religious enthusiasm is can alone understand my peculiar feelings. He who like myself feels the inestimable value of the soul, and who desires to impress its intrinsic worth upon others, can alone sympathise with these feelings. I have a peculiar wish to be a minister of Christ, and to this I have made up my mind. I must say that I think my dear father has a hope that I should follow his example. God has enabled me to put all secular advantage in a secondary place in my view;

and I feel well assured that if I give up my life and talents to His cause and for His glory, I shall never want any temporal good. It was very remarkable that my dear father's discourse this morning quite coincided with the views which I had before felt so consolatory to my own mind. His text was from Matt. vi. 33, '*Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.*' And what a blessed thought! God alone can judge whether we have sought His kingdom and righteousness or not. But what man thinks of us has nothing to do with the matter. My parents do not think I am one of Christ's flock, and I do not know how to own Him as I would. But God has given me the unspeakable joy of knowing myself that I am one of His 'hidden ones.'"

How touching these words, and what solemn reflections they awaken, now that he is gone from us! At the tender age of fourteen he was indeed the "Lord's hidden one," and we knew it not. God had called this young Samuel, but so secretly, and with a voice so gentle, none heard it but himself. In that youthful heart what holy feelings were passing; in that young mind what solemn purposes were resolving! His soul's transactions were all and alone with God. He felt that religion was a *personal* matter, and that in the momentous question of his salvation not even a parent's cognizance was essential to its reality. Still, it is well

when a child can so conquer a natural feeling of diffidence, as in filial confidence and affection to disclose his spiritual and mental exercises to one in whose heart the deepest and most sacred sympathy exists. But when this is not the case, if, aided by his quick eye, the Christian parent discovers that his child quietly retires for reading God's word and for prayer, that he sometimes returns with moistened eye, and hallowed expression, and subdued tone—as one who had been holding secret and close fellowship with the Invisible—he can patiently wait the more full and manifest disclosure. Perhaps it is better that the 'secret disciple' should be more exclusively shut up to Christ. At any rate, it is encouraging to know that the work is in the Lord's hand, and that the Divine Spirit has given us the promise, that "*He which hath begun a good work, will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.*"

There are, in one or two of the following extracts, observations and thoughts from which even the more advanced Christian may deign to learn.

"*Wednesday, 11th.*—What a changeable world is this, and what changeable creatures are we! But what a glorious thought that there is a Being who changes not! To-day Lady S—— and Miss M—— called. I was very much pleased with them both. Lady S—— is, I think, a

true Christian; and what a rare being, and still more so in the higher walks of life, is a true believer,—'*because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*'"

"12*th.*—A nice little party of Christian friends this evening. The Rev. Mr. H—— gave a sweet exposition, but rather long. A sincere godly man is he."

"15*th.*—There is such a thing as adding to one's sorrows, and increasing one's trials. In this world we have plenty of care and an abundance of affliction, without increasing it. And our aim should be to turn it to our profit; to trust in God for help and deliverance, and to direct our meditations to the bright prospects that await us in a better world."

"18*th.*—What could the Christian do in a poor world like this if he had not Christ for his Friend? Truly is he often seeking other friends, but God will make him know, by sad yet blessed experience, that there is no friend like JESUS: and that while other friends are fickle and changeable, He changes not. Oh that we followed not this poor world as we do! We chase it like a bubble in the air, and with all its apparent beauty, it fades into nothing. But oh, when we taste the preciousness of Jesus, what a heavenly morsel it is! It raises our drooping spirits to contemplate the joy that awaits us in another world, the happiness that is laid up for us above, the glory that will crown the final end of our weary pilgrimage through a dying and unsatisfying world."

"21*st, Monday.*—What a delightful emotion is love! It lightens our burdens, sweetens our little crosses, and, next to religion, is that virtue the most capable of soften-

ing and moulding our humanity. If each individual in the universe were under its influence for one day, nay, for one hour, what a paradise would this world be! There are different kinds of this feeling; yet love in any form is delightful. But a holy, sanctified love is alone that which would reform the world—a love which man cannot naturally have. Love is the very essence of true religion; religion imparts it, religion promotes it. Yea more, God, in the person of His dear Son, could find no better term to designate Himself than—'LOVE.' Love brought Jesus from His throne in heaven to His cross of suffering on earth. Love prompted the act, and love accomplished it. But I must not indulge in this strain, so prone am I to record thoughts rather than circumstances.

"Much has passed since I last took my pen to journalise relating to myself and others. The period in which I am now writing is most agreeable to school boys—the holidays. And as they are drawing to a close, I may take a short retrospect of what has happened during that time. I have been on a visit to my uncle's country residence, to revel amidst the beauties of nature, while dear papa and mamma were also there for a change of air. Since my arrival death has been knocking at the doors of the great. Sir Robert Peel, the greatest statesman of the age, was thrown from his horse; the papers announce his death. Great, as sudden, is the shock to all classes of society. Only a few days before the occurrence he made a powerful and eloquent speech in the House against the government in the affairs of Greece. So noble and splendid was the effort, that his enemies applauded him, and he left the House in the height of his fame, suddenly to

be cut off in the midst of it. Very soon after, the Duke of Cambridge died, and the Queen has, of course, been obliged to postpone her drawing-room and ball. Nor has *she* been without a warning. As she was taking a drive, a young Lieutenant rushed up to the carriage and struck her a blow in the face with a stick, which happily did not do her any particular injury. As he had no motive for the act, he is thought to be insane.

"I have had my little trials as well as blessings—and these make up the bitters and the sweets of life. Youth is generally regarded as the happiest period of our existence. But I think we have almost as many cares and sorrows as our elders; because, perhaps, our experience has not taught us to bear the trials of life with the same fortitude as they do. Much depends upon our constitutional temperament. I must confess that I myself am naturally soon made anxious and sorrowful. But I trust that, by looking to God, I am better able to bear trials and afflictions than those who have nothing to trust to but their own fortitude and strength of mind. Ah! blessed is he to whom God shows his own weakness and insufficiency to do anything of himself. Deem it not a curse, but a blessing, when God humbles your pride, however severe the discipline may be by which He does it. When He teaches you to lean upon Him alone for support, thank Him for it. Pride eats at the root of all happiness; and a proud spirit God will abase, but the humble spirit He will exalt."

"*Wednesday, August 1st.*—For the last week I have been staying at my uncle's Vicarage, Napton, and have enjoyed myself very much. I had some sweet sights of

Jesus by faith, some feeble glimmerings of the happiness and glory which we shall realize above. It is only these glorious feelings that will solace the Christian in his toilsome journey through this weary world. I went to chapel this evening, when the Lord was pleased to continue this happy state of mind; and I felt so sensibly that come what may, pleasure or pain, happiness or woe, life or death, I am in the hands of the Lord of Creation, the King of kings, and in His keeping no evil will befall me."

"*Thursday, 2nd.*—To-day I have been surrounded with trouble at almost every step. But with all this, I can fly to Jesus as my never-failing Friend, and He can give me all I need. A bountiful Saviour and a needy sinner just suit each other."

"*Tuesday, 7th.*—Happiness! where is it to be found? This precious jewel, where can it be had? Is it to be obtained in the world, its pleasures and delights? No! the Christian will answer it cannot! Happiness, if there be such a thing in this world, can only be obtained from Jesus. In His bosom alone can we find repose. But I am persuaded that the more the believer has of sanctified sorrow, tribulation, and affliction in this dying world, the more he will have of happiness and glory in the blessed realms above. I feel now as if death would be a welcome messenger to my soul, to waft me from this sinful world to Canaan's joyful shore. Ah! it is a blessed thing to be able to meet death with a beaming countenance and a gladsome heart. There have been times when amidst pleasure and enjoyment I have loathed the very thought of death. But when God afflicts a man, then he feels the vanity and deceitfulness of the world; and if he be a

believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, he will long to see his Redeemer, and be with Him in the abodes of happiness and light throughout an endless eternity.

'I'm a poor sinner, and *nothing* at all;
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.'"

"*Wednesday, 8th.*—How gracious has the Lord been to me to-day! His promises, they never fail. They have been indeed my chief support. Jesus has been better to me than all my fears, and has carried me through that which I most dreaded. Oh, to have a simple trust in the Saviour! He will not betray your confidence. He is a faithful and just God, merciful and gracious, and ever ready to lend an ear to all the troubles and afflictions of His people. Open all your heart to Jesus, and He will open the fountain of His mercy to you."

Wise and precious counsel, flowing though it does from the lips of youth! It may be a word in season to more advanced believers, battling with trial, depressed by sorrow, agitated with fear. Dear boy! he, too, had his trials; they were little, yet they were *trials*. Trial *is* trial, from whatsoever cause it may proceed, or by whomsoever it may be felt. The excellent John Newton remarks, that if he might but soothe the grief of a little child, he should feel that God had put upon him a signal honour. Oh, to lift *one* burden from off our crushed humanity—to wipe away a single tear—what a privilege! We have said that his trials were small; yet his

tender and sensitive spirit felt the anxieties of class, the fickleness of friendship, the coldness of unsympathising and the unkindness of envious hearts. But at this stage of his Christianity, it was a needed and wholesome discipline. By the trials of one school, God was instructing him in the deeper lessons of another. He was now being taught the source of true comfort, succour, and sympathy, and to whom to repair with his wounded sensibilities. May every tried youth—for, as he remarks, the young have their sorrows too—learn from Whitmore's experience the happy art of floating serenely and safely upon the ruffled waters of early life—even in cultivating a close, prayerful intimacy with JESUS. We strike upon another rich vein of spiritual thought in the following extract:

"10*th*.—How soon can God change a man's circumstances! He is elevated to-day, and is cast down to-morrow. So it is, and so it will be in this changeful world, until we arrive at a better and brighter one, where there will be no sin, and consequently no sorrow. But oh, we should remember, that afflictions come from God! When a Christian neglects prayer, for instance, God places him, perhaps, in a situation of great trial, and he is driven to pray. Or, when a man's affections are set upon the world, God makes that world his greatest enemy (and I feel it to be mine), and he is compelled to make Christ his Friend. And oh, may every afflicted saint of

God profit by the trials which God shall see fit to lay upon him! But even in judgment, our heavenly Father will remember mercy."

God, who plants and nurtures amidst Alpine snows some of the loveliest and most fragrant flowers of nature, can cause the graces of the Spirit to ripen and expand in the soul, amidst circumstances the most adverse and influences the most ungenial. Whitmore's next record illustrates this thought:—

"*Sunday, 12th.*—A memorable day has this been in my history—a blessed but solemn Sabbath. No being knows the trials I have undergone the past week, but Jesus. And as He only knows, so He only can help me through. I have had feelings to-day which only once before I experienced. I have felt such a willingness to die! a feeling that death would be no awful thing to me, having a wish to quit this more awful world. But painful, yet no less blessed, trial has done it all. And oh, may I be able from my heart to thank God for having made the world my enemy, and Christ my Friend! But mark this—If the world does not suit you, you will be sure to have a welcome in heaven; but if the world satisfies you, hell will be the most adapted to receive you.

'Have I by grace set out for heaven,
Has life divine to me been given?
Then Jesus, as my constant Friend,
Will guide and guard me to the end.

'My toils and conflicts soon shall cease,
The end is everlasting peace;
Sorrows and sighs shall flee away,
The end is bliss—eternal day.

'My path is rough, and foes assail.
But I shall over all prevail,
For Jesus, my Almighty Friend,
Is with me always to the end.'

"I could not but insert this hymn, so precious did I feel it to my soul :—

'Grace, mercy, life, and righteousness,
I have in Him, and shall possess
All that in cov'nant love is stored,
All that is promised in His word.

'All that my highest hopes expect,
All that's prepared for God's elect,
And more than thought can comprehend
Is waiting for me to the end.'"

How gently are we rebuked in the following paragraph, for our limiting of the Holy One of Israel; and yet how cheeringly reminded of the blessedness that springs from implicit confidence in Jehovah's power and readiness to help us. We need more faith in the power of God. Every mountain of difficulty would become a level, and every valley of suffering a plain, did we but believe that "*with God all things are possible*"—that nothing is too hard for Him. It is with this divine perfection that He would have us

link our weakness; and he that honours the Lord by trusting His Omnipotence shall find that Omnipotence is on his side.

"*Tuesday*, 14*th*.—Again has the Lord appeared for me in a most wonderful manner; for when I expected trial to visit me, the Lord said unto me, 'Fear not, it is I. I have wounded, and I will heal. I have afflicted, and I will succour thee.' Truly blessed is the man who puts his trust in the Lord in the simple confidence of faith. In fact, we treat God as if He were a creature like ourselves, and had not the power to do more than we; little thinking that what is impossible with us, is less than possible with Him; and that with Him our extremity is only the occasion to show forth His power. And, oh, to think that this great God is ours, and that He dwells with us and in us, and that in every difficulty He is at our right hand to succour and deliver!"

"*Thursday*, *August* 10*th*.—Oh, to realize the happiness in store for us in another world! If we more anticipated the blissful future, we should not so much mind the miserable present. A few short years will bring the Christian to the end of his pilgrimage and to the beginning of his eternal rest. But, oh, let us never forget that while we sojourn in this world we have a never-failing Friend to whom we can take all our trials and sorrows; and He who gave us Jesus, that 'unspeakable gift,' is both able and willing to give us all minor gifts!"

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands.

"Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct their wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

"Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on,
Fix on His word thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

"No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care,
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

"Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd,
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

"Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time—thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day."

"*Sunday, Sept. 9th.*—How full is the Bible of ample instruction, surpassing all ancient or modern history! How full of subjects worthy our study and imitation! What examples of stern fortitude, faith and courage, were Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. How undauntingly did they defy Nebuchadnezzar, when he commanded them to fall down and worship his image.

How nobly, too, when he threatened them with the fiery furnace if they disobeyed him, did they place before him the omnipotent power of their God, who could and would deliver them from his paltry power; 'and even should we have no assistance from Him,' say they, 'we will not bow down to your image. And whose anger are we to fear—thine or God's? To whose authority are we to submit,—thine or Jehovah's? Our God is able to deliver us out of your hands. Defy you Him? Then we defy you.'

"*Wednesday, Oct. 3rd.*—Oh, that we did but realize that we are the Lord's and the Lord is ours! No harm can befall us which is not for our benefit. And were it not for the corruption within and our guilty consciences, no evil from without could materially affect us. But may we remember that God is our guide through life, and will be unto death. Poor Lord Cardross, at the College, has departed this life in its full bloom and promise—young, handsome, and beloved by his schoolfellows. How it teaches the frailty of human existence! O, that there were more piety, and greater efforts made for the spiritual good of our fallen race!

"*Nov. 4th*, 1850.—Man, with all his boasted wisdom, understanding, and sagacity, seldom learns the necessary lesson of profiting by the past. That which at one time made an apparent and indelible impression upon his mind is now entirely forgotten, or, if not forgotten, viewed in a careless and indifferent light. O what changeable and fluctuating creatures are the human race! We travel with time in all its changes and fluctuations;—and wherever it tends and winds its

onward course; we often pursue the same given track, and, unsuspecting and unalarmed, are led to the brink of a fearful precipice, and are lost to all eternity. It is good for a man that he should reflect upon his own condition—what he is? and whither bound? These reflections have been awakened by recent events almost unparalleled in the history of the past. I refer to the invasion of our territories by swarms of Roman Catholic bishops and priests, who have been appointed by the Pope over certain parts of England, parcelled out into various bishoprics. Dr. Wiseman, moreover, has been designated Archbishop of Westminster. If the predictions of prophecy in regard to the Papacy are not being accomplished, I am very much mistaken. The very fact of the Pope's dethronement, and again his reinstatement in all, and more, than his former power, is sufficiently conclusive in itself. 'The Lord reigneth, let the nations tremble.'"

How beautifully his gentle heart, like the morn-in flower, opens and expands to the warm sunbeams of the Divine goodness:—

"*Tuesday, 6th.*—Brief, but sweet, is my diary of to-day. Oh, how savoury every morsel when the blessing of God is upon it! When we can trace His loving hand, what unequalled happiness does it give! Oh, to trust Him, though He may seem at the time to blight our fond hopes—to have a thankful heart for mercies undeserved! How has He especially appeared to me to-day none but Himself can tell. And to repay it is out of the power of mortal."

It were surely worth all the anxiety and annoyance so artlessly detailed in the following little school trial, to have brought out so vividly the points of character which the circumstance unfolded. The integrity which guided him, and the frankness which he exhibited in the matter, suggest to all similarly placed a line of conduct worthy of imitation. There is a fine boyish spirit, and yet characteristic gentleness in the manner in which he met the affair. We would not pen a single word calculated to repress a proper degree of ambition in boys for scholastic honours; yet we would at the same time remark, that while the strictest fairness and impartiality should guide the Principal in the award, a noble and generous spirit of rivalry should distinguish the competitors for the prize. The incident, though simple, is instructive.

"*Friday evening, Nov. 22nd,* 1850.—Although every moment of my time is precious, and should be occupied in preparing for my examination at the College, I feel a sort of compulsion to transcribe my feelings, which I think, in my case, will be no waste of time.

"My mind has been exceedingly anxious as to the result of this said examination, and I have been rather tremulous as to the standing I expected to occupy at the

close of the year's study. Although my ranking first will not probably gain what is (if personalities were excluded I should say) its just reward, still there is an honour connected with it. Well, I must say that I was rather surprised and annoyed to find that another boy has well-nigh equalled, if not overtaken, me in the number of marks; and I am now quite in the dark as to the issue. For one day I was told by a boy in the same class as myself, and with whom I had been on exceeding good terms, that he had seen the list, in which he declared I was superseded by another boy, of whom I had no such expectation, by about 200 marks. Trusting to the integrity of the boy for a moment, I was rather disconcerted; but upon second consideration, I thought it must be false. The same thing was told me by several other boys, some feigning sorrow, and others expressing exultation. I therefore determined to obtain, if possible, a list of the marks myself, and in so doing discovered a plot by which it was intended to deceive me. Obtaining a list from the mark register, I there found, at the first calculation, that instead of his being 200 beyond me, I was 1000 beyond him! Well, I thought, there can be no mistake in my having beaten him there; but then I saw that included in this was my 'voluntary work' marks, which were a thousand, and for which I had received no reward, while others had in the middle of the year. My anxiety, of course, was, whether these would be added to my classical and mathematical marks: if so, I had no fear; but if not, excluding both his voluntary marks and mine, he would not be far behind me. So here I am—treachery on all sides, and rivals longing to

see my downfall. But One mightier than all is for me. Now comes the most blessed part of the story! I have been led to feel that in myself I am utterly helpless. God has made me to see that all my hard studying, if so I may call it, and all my talents, abilities, and boasted knowledge, will be of no avail to me in this crisis, if He withholds His blessing. And, moreover, I am now almost as careless about the result as hitherto I have been anxious. I have been led—oh, happy state!—to leave the issue of it all in God's hands, and to feel that He will do all for the best, yea, better than the wisest of us could imagine or desire."

"*Sunday, Dec. 2nd.*—We are nearly at the close of another year. In a few more weeks the curfew bells will remind us that we are entering upon a new epoch of man's eventful history. The past—'tis gone! No human power can recall it. What relics has it left? The stains of sin! Has sin, then, not grown old, and by long practice fallen into disuse? Ah, no! In health and vigour it still lives, if such expressions may be used. Then is there not a solitary being who can record an action or a deed that deserves the name of good? No. Goodness never had its origin in man. It grows not in his bosom. Then what is man, if such a character be his? A fallen and rebellious being, and yet endowed with capabilities of mind to form conceptions lofty and sublime, worthy of the Being who created him? What, then, will be his end? His *end?*—terrific! But God looked down upon His fallen creatures, who once came from His hands pure as Himself, and longing to restore them to their once happy state, pities them. Oh, what

a loving Father He must be! Ah, yes; that love so undeserved, so great, so free, gave from His own loving bosom His only beloved Son a sacrifice for man, when every heart rankled with hatred to God. Are there no choice beings who reap the fruits of their Redeemer's love? Yes; God has a chosen church, and for it the blood of Jesus was shed, to redeem it from the curse and to bring it to heaven."

"*Sunday, January 20th*, 1850.—Truly it becomes a Christian to be always happy. What reason has he to be otherwise, when every step of his journey, every incident, however minute, that occurs in his pilgrimage through life, is ordered and ordained by his heavenly Father, his loving Saviour, his best Friend? True it is that he has often more care, more affliction, than the worldling has; while the worldling prospers in his way, the believer is often bowed down with care and trouble, scarcely able to struggle through life. But what is the sequel? The ungodly enjoy the pleasures and wealth of this world, only to realize more bitterly their loss in the world to come; while the Christian sees the worst side of this world, and tastes more of its bitters, only to enhance the happiness of a better world, where he will enjoy the sweetest bliss."

"But even in the deepest afflictions the believer in Christ has cause to be happy, if he can but realize the truth that the All-seeing Jehovah, who framed and created out of nothing the vast universe, and who guides its great machinery, has ordered that event for his essential good. Ah, have you cause to mourn over sin? Do you see that in you which is hateful to yourself, and

which causes you sorrow? Then thank God for it, as the most decided proof that He has planted within you the germs of a being that shall one day burst the bonds of natural corruption, and with all the beauty and purity of the God who created it, start forth a glittering gem, for ever to shine in the crown of the Redeemer."

"Then welcome sorrow, welcome pain,
Welcome crosses, welcome shame;
Welcome all, ye towering waves,
With faith, my bark your threatening braves;
Heaven's bright star glows in the east,
On it my Pilot bids me feast
My longing eye, and onward steer
Through the dark tempest, and nothing fear;
For soon the harbour I shall see,
And on Canaan's shores for ever be."

"*January 24th*, 1851, *Friday*.—We have entered upon another year, which, like the preceding ones will flit quickly by. Solemn thought! We also shall soon pass away, and the place where we dwelt and lived will know us no more. The ravages of time, written in letters too deeply engraved to be erased, are stamped upon everything mortal. Decay is inscribed on earth's fairest flower. Oh, how solemn is the reflection; and would that its solemnity were abiding, then would our short period of existence here on earth be taken up with preparation for another and a better world. And yet poor, blind, fallen man seldom gives the question a moment's consideration, while his whole thoughts are absorbed in obtaining that which, even while he seizes it, crumbles in his grasp. I feel this with regard to myself; and oh, that I always may have a keen perception of it! The

least prosperity or participation in happiness, as the world terms it, sets me mad after chasing the poor baubles, as if I had never known their deceitfulness and insufficiency. Does not this show the fallen nature of man in a glaring light?

'I know the right, and yet the wrong pursue.'

Think not, Christian, that thou wilt be rid of sin until thou art rid of sin's abode; for sin dwelleth within thee. But when thou hast left the dwelling-place behind, thou leavest the dweller also."

Soon after penning the last paragraph, Whitmore entered upon the *fifteenth* year of his age. Thus far we have traced remarkable maturity of judgment and growth in grace in one so young; and yet how shaded and retiring was his walk! And so the Lord often conceals from a Christian parent's eye the work He is secretly and effectually carrying forward in the soul of His child, that prayer and faith may not relax, and that the work may appear manifestly and acknowledged as His own.

"*Sunday, February 24th.*—Truly does the world present a picture repulsive to every refined feeling. It is devoid of all sources of true happiness to its earnest seekers, and produces no end of evils, embittering the life of man, and ensnaring his heedless steps. It is a field of conflict between two opposite powers. The one winning his foes to his side by overwhelming love, and

ubduing them into perfect submission by the power of rresistible goodness; the other, enlisting his adherents by the offer of false happiness, alluring them by feigned pleasures, only to disappoint their hopes, and when life has spun out its last thread of existence to engulph them in eternal despair."

"*7th.*—What a study is life! Methinks if a man would more particularly study himself, were he to turn n a searching, scrutinizing eye upon his own being, his character, and powers,—not excluding the same observance of the actions and character of his fellows,—for observing what is good and evil in others, we thereby help to form our own character,—I am persuaded (that s, if my youthful sentiments and opinions can be at all received) that more useful and practical knowledge would be obtained. It is said to have been a precept of the stoical philosophy that, 'man should never suffer his happiness to depend upon external circumstances.' Now, it is very evident, in my opinion, that the mind of every human being must be affected by outward events. True, the mind should be calm under all circumstances; but what man is there who, at the height of honour or at the brink of ruin, remains in stoical heedlessness of his position—careless of his state? His mind, if in a sound condition, must pulsate with delight or despair. But after all, however prosperous outward circumstances may be, the mind can never reach its prime until sanctified by the grace of God, and fitted by Him to enjoy a blissful eternity."

"*March* 15*th.*—I feel I cannot transcribe my thoughts o-day with any other commencement than expressing

how much I have seen and felt of the extreme vileness of human nature. Oh, how much have I seen in myself that has caused me pain and grief! Oh, how great the struggle between the old man and the new. What a wretched world it is! How it ensnares, and allures, and taunts, and disappoints! I am persuaded that a Christian cannot remain in worldly company, or be engaged in anything worldly, without his heavenly-mindedness being damaged, and his holy feelings and resolutions being vitiated and weakened. And yet what a privilege to be a Christian! Christ's unchanging love and tenderness scatter all the gloomy mists and dark clouds of our pilgrimage, and gladden the drooping spirit. Cheer up, tried and tempted Christian! A blissful eternity will make up for all the crosses and trials, the bitters and woes of the present. Then shall real happiness dawn upon your spirit, warming and delighting your soul through eternity. Strive not for the world's smiles—they are deceitful. And fear not its scorn while God smiles upon you."

It is the remark of a celebrated French writer that, 'rare as is true love, true friendship is still rarer.'* Horace would seem to embody the same idea thus rendered,—

> 'Wise were the kings who never chose a friend,
> Till with full cups they had unmasked his soul,
> And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.'

Whitmore was early schooled in this truth.

* La Rochefoucauld.

His young heart, warm, unsuspicious, and confiding, had been beguiled into some friendships, but to be chilled by their fickleness and wounded by their treachery. But the 'broken cistern' only drove him the closer to the Infinite Fountain —'*the Friend who loves at all times*'—and it were worth all the pain his sensitive feelings endured to be brought into the rich experience thus detailed:—

"*29th.*—What a changeful world is this, and what changeable creatures are we! Oh, how have I seen this in myself and in others! Friends whom I have most trusted have suddenly grown cold and indifferent, freezing my affections by their unfaithfulness and wavering. But, oh, has not this some end? Methinks I see it. The world's charms have too much allured my gaze from Jesus and fixed it upon its empty bubbles. And was not this sent to deaden my affections to the world, and fix them upon something more substantial? O yes, it was all for my good. This bewitching world, these alluring pleasures, how they ensnare! O God, keep me from their power. May I be weaned from them, and attracted to Jesus, finding the centre of my happiness in leaning in sweet repose upon His bosom who never changes nor forsakes those who put their trust in Him."

"*Sept. 16th, Friday.*—How sweet is a calm after the tempest! It would not do for us were it always smooth. The little roughness of the way increases the pleasantness of the calm. How little do we value a blessing

until it is taken from us; and yet how unconcerned and lifeless we are until stirred up by adverse circumstances. And O how should we value every chastisement we receive! We sometimes envy the wicked because they seem to go on sinning, and yet unpunished. Did we but realize that it is a Father's hand that is guiding us, and that it is because He loves and cares for us that He chastises us. The ungodly He leaves to themselves until their eternal punishment, but He watches over His children with the eye of a father, and all that He does is for their good now and hereafter. O what a blessing to be one of His children, to have such a Protector, such a Friend! He is worth all the dearest friends the world can produce. And O that I could profess Him openly before the world! But my way seems hedged up on all sides. But I still wait upon the Lord. My outward conduct seems so totally different to what a true Christian's ought to be. I believe others think so too, who would consider my profession of Christ as *merely* a profession. But thank God, their opinion has nothing to do with my salvation. I know this, that my Redeemer liveth, and I love Him."

"*Sept. 4th.*—How true is the Bible! Consistent in the very letter with all the wonder-workings of God. How readily does the daily experience of the Christian bring this truth before his mind. It requires no intruder to test its veracity. The daily occurrences which cross our path illustrate it with brightest colours. The believer's life, though short and passing as a vapour, is eventful of circumstances of the greatest moment. It is a period allotted to him to prepare for another world;

nd oh, what a blessed thought that there is another nd a better world! We shall soon quit our present bode, full of sin and full of sorrow, changeful as the vind. Friends change, circumstances change, age hanges; soon the bright and joyous childhood of our outh begins to taste the bitter of life, and his frank nd happy brow becomes wrinkled with anxiety and are; age creeps on, and we apparently are insensible of it. But soon it will be over, and a happy eternity follows. The Christian has his happiness to anticipate, the sinner his eternal misery to look forward to. Oh, it is better to be at the disposal of God than at any moment to have the full control of ourselves!"

Again do his views of heaven seem prophetic! Although his young bark had scarcely touched the waters on which it was to course its way through life's storms, he seems by the exercise of a vivid faith to have caught sight of the celestial harbour, and to have kept it full in view until the Lord gave him the "abundant entrance." The idea of a brief life—of the soul's ecstasy on finding itself in a moment in heaven—seemed familiar and pleasant to his mind. Indeed, it would appear that the thought of dying was far more pleasing and attractive than the thought of living. Happy youth, whose treasure is in the skies, and in whose heart there is more of heaven than of earth!

"*Tuesday, 17th.*—If there are two things that will more fill us with wonder and amazement when we arrive at home than another, it will be, first, that we ever got there; and second, the vast difference of the world we have left to the one we shall then enjoy! Oh, what will be the ecstasy of that moment when we find ourselves in heaven! And yet we are so mad and so blind as to fear to die, still clinging to this poor world. Sometimes I wish I were from it, and in solitude look forward and enjoy the anticipation of a better state. Oh, if this should ever meet the eye of an afflicted child of God, whatever may be your trials, dry up those untimely tears, brighten up that saddened countenance, and look forward with the confident and blessed assurance of an eternity of bliss. Your thoughts of affliction are not as God's thoughts. If your limited comprehension cannot take in the wisdom of all His plans with regard to you —what you deem most untoward, God regarding as most propitious—yet thank Him, if He is weaning you from this poor world, although the means He uses may appear to you most grievous. So infectious is the world, so bright and ensnaring, yet in reality so delusive, that before you are aware, it will arrest your glance, steal upon your affections, and so deaden your spirituality and communion with God, and thus call for some gentle chastening of your heavenly Father to bring you back again to His bosom. Look not for happiness in anything connected with the world. I, as a youth, have done so, and have been disappointed. There is no pleasure of any description, I am fully persuaded, that is not accompanied with some bitter. God has wisely

ordained that Christians in general should partake but little of this world's enjoyments, that they may not make the world their home, but that, all their thoughts taken up with Christ, their eyes may be blind to its pleasures and enjoyments."

Whitmore Winslow was a beautiful illustration of the 'Earnest Student.' Nothing more clearly indicated this than the intense anxiety with which, as we have already seen, he anticipated his annual school examination. He was ambitious of standing well. His preparation for the exciting ordeal was not 'got up' for the occasion, but entered deeply into the whole course of the year's studies. While other boys might be seen loitering in the college cloisters, or engaged in gymnastic exercises in the playground, or indulging in a game of field-cricket, he would be at home poring over books. The prizes which each year attested his success remain as sad but precious relics of his industry. But so completely did he veil his anxiety on these occasions from every eye but God's, that we knew nothing of its existence, until he had passed away beyond the wavelets that then ruffled his young and gentle spirit. The following is the next entry in his journal. Oh that every student entered upon a like engagement in a spirit equally as self-scrutinising and devotional!

"Written a little before my examination, Christmas, 1850.

O Lord, my trembling heart I bring,
And lay it at Thy feet;
On Thee my burden would I fling,
For what canst Thou not meet?

"Oh! what half-and-half Christians we are in the present day, the very best of us! People are talking of the incursions of Popery, and of the insidiousness of Tractarianism, and are so carried away by the extraordinary and general excitement as almost to forget that they have immortal souls, the interests of which are of more infinite moment than the appearance of the papacy, or of any other calamity. What enemy without can be so alarming as the foe within? The religion of God has to do with the heart, whatever may be the sect to which a man belongs. In the matter of his salvation he has not to do with churches, or with opinions, or with creeds, but with God. True religion consists not in notions, forms, or outward profession. These can avail a man but little when he is laid upon a dying bed, and is about to appear before God, when the great question will be, not to what sect or church he belonged, but how he, a vile and fallen sinner, can be justified before God? Many a Protestant, as well as Roman Catholic, will fail to answer this question on that day. And no sect, or church, or religion, can possibly be honouring to God which sets aside Christ and His atonement, and lays its foundations in wretched self. But I have rather wandered from my original reflections. I have been hard at work for the examination at

college; but, as it regards myself, stand a poor chance of gaining many prizes, if any. But, then, my anxiety vanishes directly when I turn from my insufficiency to rely upon God's power. This passage has struck me exceedingly, '*Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding.*' Oh, for real trust! not half-and-half, not merely a hope, but a *real* trust. O this is the charm that lightens a heavy heart! What a true source of safety, then, is Deity; and what a sandy foundation is anything short of it! Hence I am to trust with all my heart—not a part of it—that won't do—but with *all.* And it is because we only trust the Lord partially, that He does not answer our prayers to the very letter. O what sinful mortals we are; and what an inexhaustible mine is the Word of God! There is meaning in every syllable."

"*Dec. 4th.*—When is affliction sweet? When can we thank God for it? When it brings us near to Jesus—when it fixes our wandering thoughts and desires upon One that is mighty—mighty not only to save, but to make us happy in this dark vale of tears. Oh, it compensates us for all the humblings and disappointments which we may experience.

'Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.'

A glimpse of Jesus is a little heaven below. Who would not part with the world's honours, reputation, or wealth, to gain it? And yet we are so prone to fix our affections upon these poor baubles which must soon pass away. Happy is he whose lot is cast with the

tried, the poor, the humble of Christ's flock, for there Jesus abides."

Hope deferred is not hope lost. When God loosens our attachment to a particular object, or so blends our will with His as cheerfully to relinquish all desire for its possession, He then often bestows the blessing unexpectedly. This was Whitmore's experience respecting the result of his examination. Just when he was the best prepared for disappointment—his heart scarcely cherishing the desire for success—the honour is awarded! The prize which was presented to him on this occasion with a characteristic address, by the venerable and beloved Rev. Dr. Marsh, he thus briefly records:—

"*Saturday, 7th.*—All I can record to-day is, that I am overwhelmed with innumerable blessings, undeserved, and I was going to say, unexpected. The Lord has helped me in my examination. I should have failed if left to myself. '*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.*'"

Few spiritual minds, as they glance through the preceding extracts from Whitmore's private memoranda—exhibiting, as they do, so deep an insight into his own heart, so close a study of God's word, so clear an apprehension of the way

of salvation by faith, in the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus—but will find it difficult to resist the conviction of his real, though concealed, conversion. That, in the words of Christ to his disciples, "*flesh and blood had not revealed these things to him, but his Father in heaven,*" will not admit of a doubt. The precious grace-buddings, the first fragrant spring-flowerets of holiness just shooting forth in his soul, are not indigenous to the natural heart. Out of man's heart, in its unrenewed state, flows nothing but evil; and if there is aught of true holiness there,—one real spiritual feeling of penitence, or throb of life, or thought of God, or desire for Christ—it is the divine product of the Holy Ghost, and forms the first sheaf of a golden harvest of grace and glory. But while thus walking in daily communion with his own heart, and in close fellowship with God, Whitmore had not publicly avowed his faith in, and his attachment to, the Lord Jesus Christ. He was a "*disciple of Christ, but secretly for fear,*" not of man, but of self-deception. And yet that he was not without the inward witness of the Holy Spirit testifying to his spiritual change, would appear from his recorded thoughts. His own views of his religious condition at this time may be gathered from a letter addressed to a dear

Christian friend, who had shown a deep and prayerful interest in his spiritual welfare, and to whom, in the confiding affection of his heart, he had unveiled his most sacred feelings. She had presented him with a work entitled "Hints for the Earnest Student," *—a book admirably adapted for usefulness to young men in his position, and which cannot be too strongly recommended,—accompanied by the following spirit-stirring lines:—

"TO DEAREST WHITMORE.

"Youthful soldier of the Cross,
Fear not to confess thy Lord;
In the midst of shame and loss,
He will be thy great reward.

"With thy Captain still in view
Through the thickest of the fight,
Thou shalt all thy foes subdue.
More than conqu'ror by His might.

"All the noble and the brave
Are enlisted in this strife;
'Tis a ruin'd world to save,
'Tis to gain the crown of life!

"Grasp the sword—the helmet wear,
Let the shield around thee spread;
Hence with willing feet prepare
Truth's sublimest heights to tread.

* "Hints for the Earnest Student, edited by Mrs. William Fison."—Seeleys.

"Onwards, upwards, never cease,
Till the realms of bliss are won;
And the God of love and peace
Bid thee welcome in His Son."

This valued gift he thus acknowledges in terms which at once reveal his own spiritual feelings, while they record his grateful appreciation of the kindness.

"MY DEAR MRS. R.,—Many thanks for the book and note which you so kindly sent me. I write this little note to thank you, because I am so occupied at school, and in preparing lessons at home, that I may not have an opportunity of calling upon you. You say you hope I have some concern for my soul. Dear Mrs. R——, I trust I have, and that Jesus is concerned for it too; and I have reason to believe that I never should have been concerned about it if He had not prompted the desire; and this thought, in many a troubled hour, has given me peace and joy. Dear Mrs. R——, think not that I rest in the opinions or wishes of others—at least I hope I do not; for what can they do for me? I hope I have learned this lesson, for once I thought I was safe for heaven, because had intimations that others thought me so. But, thank God, I was led to examine my own heart, and daily did I observe sin still there, and all my hopes vanished. I then constantly prayed; and I cannot tell you when, but by reading the Bible and trusting my faith in its promises, I then could rejoice in my Saviour; and then I determined to ask for no opinion of man, but hold my tongue lest I might again be

deceived. And, oh, what secret, but sweet communion have I had with my Saviour time after time! A sermon dear papa preached some time ago upon 'Christ's hidden ones' gave me sweet joy; for I had the inward conviction, which I knew no human being could have given me, because I told it to no one, that I was one of 'Christ's hidden ones.' And oh, dear Mrs. R——, it has been the staff of my life ever since; and in every trial —for the young have trials as well as the old—I have found a sure refuge in my Saviour. I have ventured to write this to you, as you seem so anxious for my best interests. And now, dear Mrs. R——, I must remain your affectionate friend,

"J. WHITMORE WINSLOW."

May we not appropriately close this chapter of his "Memorial" with an ascription of praise and thanksgiving to Him who had placed His secret seal upon this dear child as His own, and whose *hidden* adoption into the family of God cannot admit of a doubt. "*This also cometh from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.*"

## CHAPTER II.

New epoch in Whitmore Winslow's life—Memorable conversion—Letter to his father—Reply—His baptism—Subsequent reflections—Spiritual fluctuations—Letters from his grandmother—Visit to Paris—Letters to his mother—Letters to his cousin.

But a more decided and solemn epoch in Whitmore Winslow's history was about to unfold. The time had arrived, when, in the purpose and providence of God, he should no longer remain 'Christ's *hidden* one.' The Lord was about to call from his seclusion this secret disciple, and to withdraw the veil which had so long concealed the kingdom of God within his soul. The Chief Shepherd of His flock has declared, '*I will both search and seek out my sheep;*'* and they are designated, when thus called, '*a people sought out.*'† That the subject of this memorial had not already confessed Christ before men is not to be ascribed, as already intimated, to any deficiency of moral courage, or any desire to shrink from the obligations which an open profession of Christianity involves. He did not wish to steal in ambush to heaven, nor did he

* Ezekiel xxiv. 11. † Isaiah lxii. 12.

love to bear Christ's yoke in his youth less because he loved unchecked liberty better. His very sincerity formed his chief hindrance. He hesitated ere he took the solemn and decided step, lest in so doing he should deceive others, and yet more fearfully and fatally deceive himself. He knew he was not far from the kingdom of God; yea, that there were blissful moments when he felt assured that he had crossed its threshold and had '*seen the King in his beauty*;'—and still he lingered. But the Lord, '*whose he was, and whom he served*,' was about to take the work in His own hands, and in His own way '*bring forth his righteousness as the light, and his judgment as the noonday*.'

It was on Lord's-day evening, November 9, 1851, that the subject of the discourse was taken from 1 Kings xviii. 21: "*How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him.*" "Decision for Christ" was the topic naturally illustrated and enforced by the passage. On our return from the sanctuary, Whitmore was absent from the family circle. As this was occasionally his habit after public service, his vacant place did not occasion particular inquiry. Retiring to my room for the night, a note addressed, "To dear Papa," in his handwriting,

arrested my attention. I read its contents, with awe-struck emotions. It was as follows:—

"*Sunday Night, November 9th.*

"DEAREST PAPA,—What I am about to tell you I do tremulously, but with a conscious sense that it is my duty. Your sermon to-night was irresistible. Long, long, have I been halting between two opinions; not whether I should embrace Christ or not, for He has long been my Saviour and the staff of my youth; but whether it was right for me to confess it, feeling, as I have done, that my conduct has often been so contrary, that to make such a profession would seem but hypocrisy. This, then, has hindered me. I feel myself so vile in my own eyes, and in those of yourself and the world. But vile as I am, Christ is mine, and I dare not, dare not at the peril of my peace of conscience, hesitate one moment to confess it. Though great the responsibility—great my weakness—heavy the cross—God may give me grace to bear it, and to choose in the place of worldly ambition to serve Him who has saved me. Dearest Papa, it is indeed a struggle with me to say this—I almost fear I have said too much—but pray for me, that I may have more grace and greater holiness. I tell this first to you, dear Papa, for it is under your ministry my soul has been led to Christ. May the Lord guide me in the right path!

"Your affectionate Son,

"WHITMORE."

Such was the announcement which met my eye. The effect was stunning—overpowering—

indescribable. The first sensation was that of a pleasant dream that seemed too blissful to realize. But in a moment the beautiful vision assumed a form too real and palpable to admit of a doubt. The heart throbbed—the eye was moistened—the cup of gladness was more than full. I remembered the new and strange emotions which trembled in my breast when as an infant he was first folded to my heart—my first-born child—the thrill of that moment still lingers. But now that he was '*born again*,' clasped in my arms, a '*new creature in Christ Jesus*,'—my spiritual child—my son in the Gospel—pardoned, justified, adopted, saved, *for ever* saved!—oh it was the very depth of joy—joy *unspeakable!* My child was a child of God! The prayers which preceded his birth—which cradled his infancy—which girdled his youth—were answered—my son was Christ's! The weary watchings—the yearning desires—the trembling hopes of years were at rest—OUR FIRST-BORN WAS AVOWEDLY THE LORD'S.

Unequal from the excitement and emotions of the occasion, added to the fatigue of the day, to a personal interview at that moment, a few lines responsive to his note were sent to his room:—

"*Lord's-day Evening, Nov.* 9, 1851.

"MY DEAREST WHITMORE,—Your precious note has filled my heart with inexpressible joy. Before going to my pulpit this evening I knelt before the Lord, and asked His *especial* blessing upon His word about to be delivered, little thinking that *that* request would be granted in the happy experience of my own first-born child. The Lord be praised for all that you have written to me! I rejoiced greatly in your first birth, but oh, how much greater is my joy in your second! I receive you, my dear boy, as given to me a second time from the Lord. He has vouchsafed to you grace to *decide* for Him—*and to Him I now surrender you!* You have been the child of many prayers, before and since your birth. And a prayer-hearing God has *this night* sealed the answer, and you are *His!* Now follow on to know more of Jesus, and to confess Him before the world. You have 'chosen the good part,' and it shall never be taken from you. Christ is yours, the Guide of your youth, and your Portion for ever. Your dear mamma and I have bowed together in thankfulness to the Lord for His grace towards you, and for His grace in you. The Lord bless you, dearest Whitmore, make you a faithful minister of His word, and give you a crown of life that fadeth not away. O let all your future walk be worthy of Him who has 'called you out of darkness into His marvellous light.' You will ever have—as long as I possess a heart to pray—the prayers of your

"AFFECTIONATE PAPA."

Reader! is *your* heart surrendered to Jesus?

The following brief but expressive record of this memorable event in his personal history is found in Whitmore's journal:

"*Sunday Night, Nov. 9th,* 1851.—Eventful period! one for which I have long prayed, and have now received the answer. I have confessed my Saviour by an avowal of His love this night to my dear papa, and I hope soon to do so publicly. It was under a *most* powerful and convincing sermon. '*How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow Him.*' The Lord accompanied His truth with such power to my soul that I could not resist, and can no longer linger."

On the following morning we met as we had never met before. It seemed as if a new, a hitherto latent character had suddenly unveiled its beauty and freshness to my eye. His natural reserve was gone, his long and invincible silence was broken, and a full and touching interchange of sentiment and affection transpired—new founts of feeling and of thought welling up in our souls. The pleasing change in his mental emotions was apparent to us all. It was evident that he was the subject of great spiritual relief; that he was in the possession of a degree of peace with God through Christ hitherto unfelt; that long concealed thoughts, and long pent-up feelings, now were free—his heart thrown open to the inspection

and communion of those in whose deep love and sympathy he felt the sweetest repose. The holy light gleaming on his countenance—the tremulous tone of voice—the moistened eye—the unfettered openness of his manner, all expressed the advent of the new-born joy which now occupied and thrilled his whole soul. How appropriate and expressive of his present feelings the praiseful language of David—"*Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing; thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness; to the end that my glory* (tongue) *may sing praise to thee, and not be silent.*"

Let us pause in our narrative for a moment, and bestow a passing reflection upon the new existence here portrayed—the blessed condition of a soul emerging from its thraldom into the full liberty of Christ, the last lingering fetter dissolved, and soaring on gladsome pinion to a height of holy joy, communion and hope—read of, heard of, and sighed for, but never *experienced* until now! How many individuals are there in Whitmore's long undecided state, who from the lonesome vale of unbelief and gloom are gazing upward with intense longing to those sublime, sunlight heights of heavenly joy and hope—the "delectable mountains" of the Christian's pil-

grimage—upon which he now stood; but who, from day to day, still drag the weary chain that binds them to the region of darkness, doubt, and indecision. Dear reader, what a loser are you! Your indecision for God robs you of peace, joy, and liberty—the liberty of one *accepted in the Beloved.* Oh, could you see how much there is that pleads for your decision of heart and life for Christ! Oh, could you but feel the persuasive, irresistible force of a Saviour's atoning blood, of a Father's reconciled love, of the Spirit's quickening grace, all inviting, winning, wooing you to rest in Jesus, your present and eternal repose, then would your exulting language be, "*My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise!*" Every consideration, tender, solemn and persuasive, demands your decision for God. No longer halt, hesitate, and demur. Quit a delusive world, relinquish a doubtful faith, abandon a spurious hope, and in all your emptiness, insufficiency, and unworthiness, as a penitent, humble, believing sinner, declare yourself to be the Lord's, and own the Lord to be your's for ever. Oh, blessed espousals!—Christ and you mystically, indissolubly, eternally one. Oh that the words once uttered from the pulpit, with the quickening energy of the Holy Ghost, may

now, with a like irresistible power, speak from the press :—"*How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow Him.*"

On the first Lord's-day morning in the year, January 4, 1852, Whitmore Winslow made a public and solemn profession of his faith in Christ by baptism, and in the evening partook, for the first time, of the memorials of his Saviour's love. The occasion was morally sublime. Here was a youth of sixteen, acknowledging, before men and angels, Jesus Christ as his Lord and Master, and by submission to a Christian rite as deeply significant in its meaning as it was touchingly impressive in its spectacle, avowing his renunciation of the world, his death unto sin, and his life unto righteousness. There was something, yea, there was much, to overcome in his position. The 'offence of the cross'—the 'shame of Christ' —the opinion of the world—the shrinking of an acutely sensitive nature, were all merged in the commanding conviction of duty, the irresistible force of truth, and the constraining love of Christ. Standing by the Baptistery, he united with the congregation, subdued to tears, in singing the following hymn, expressive of the hallowed sentiments and feelings of the solemn occasion :—

"Around Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine empty grave we stand;
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep Thy blest command.
By faith our souls rejoicing
To trace Thy path of love,
Through death's dark angry billows.
Up to the throne above.

"Lord Jesus, we remember
The travail of Thy soul,
When in Thy love's deep pity,
The waves did o'er Thee roll.
Baptized in death's cold waters,
For us Thy blood was shed;
For us the Lord of Glory
Was number'd with the dead.

"O Lord, Thou now art risen,
Thy travail all is o'er;
For sin Thou once hast suffer'd
Thou liv'st to die no more—
Sin, death, and hell are vanquish'd
By Thee Thy church's Head;
And lo! we share Thy triumph,
Thou First Born from the dead.

"Into Thy death baptized
We own with Thee we died,
With Thee our life is risen,
And in Thee glorified;
From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransom'd by Thy blood;
And now would walk as strangers,
Alive with Thee to God."

With beautiful simplicity he thus notes memorable event:—

"*Sunday, January 4th*, 1852.—To-day I have been baptized by my beloved papa. Oh, what an honour! thereby not only avowing my allegiance to Christ, but His unspeakable love to me. In the evening I received the Lord's Supper—another precious privilege—which, indeed, I felt sweet and solemn. Much was I affected when dear papa, in giving me the right hand of fellowship, said, that 'When he was laid in the grave, he trusted that I would be a faithful minister of that Gospel which it was his privilege to preach.' God grant that his precious life may be spared to see it! When I reflect upon what I have gone through, I am almost astounded. When I think of the many expectations I have had of owning Christ when I should arrive at a more matured period of life, and then reflect how the Lord has brought me to decide for Him in my youth, so soon answering my prayers which I had thought would not be answered until I had arrived at manhood, I am ready to fall down in wonderment. Oh, let this teach me that '*God's ways are not as my ways, neither His thoughts as my thoughts.*'

"How little did I think when I entered that chapel on that Sabbath evening that I should be brought into the state of mind which I felt when I retired from it. My thoughts and expectations were just then in so different a direction. I was studying for an examination in which I had great hopes of gaining a scholarship. And, besides this, I was writing a poem, which I thought would be successful, and for which success I had prayed to the Lord. But God be praised that His will was done and not mine, and that He withheld an inferior *to give me a* superior blessing."

Caught up to the third heaven—visions of glory bursting upon his view—it was necessary that when returned again to earth Paul should pass through a humiliating process. "*And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelation, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh.*" A yet more illustrious example is recorded. We read that immediately after His baptism "*Jesus was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.*" A like discipline, designed to chasten Whitmore's joy and keep him low, was a more keen insight into the evil of his own heart, and a deeper conviction of the fluctuating nature of Christian feeling. His power of analysing the varied mental emotions of the believing mind is remarkable in one so young. The reaction consequent upon the relief which his long suppressed feelings now experienced is thus vividly described:—

"*January 7th.*—Alas, alas! how cold we are! How insensible to the greatest mercies, perpetually reminded that we are not only mortal, but sinful. When I reflect upon the spiritual blessings which I have received, and feel how insensible I am, oh it is a cause of mourning. I think nothing is so ungracious as a thankless spirit, and yet how often do we manifest it when God has been so good! We take care not to be ungrateful to an

earthly friend for the slightest benefit, and yet how careless in thanking God! Why have I not praised Him more for enabling me to confess Christ before men in the way I have done? Alas! our noblest actions are so mixed with self. Such is the real fact, I need not disguise it. This it is that chills our warmest feelings, and mars our happiness in looking to Jesus. I must say, I have not enjoyed Christ so much as I have done when alone, shut out from all gaze, no one knowing that I was a Christian, when alone with Jesus. Then was I happy—self and sin and the world vanished. O the demon self! it will ever come in to spoil that which is holy. How often has my conscience told me that I ought to confess Christ, and how acutely have I condemned myself for not doing so! But now my decision has made me feel so comfortable, and having nothing to annoy me, consequently I have gone less to Jesus. This was not the fault of my decision, but of myself; and when I have had every reason to be praising God for bringing my mind to a decision, I have been thinking scarcely of anything but self. I have, indeed, been grateful to the Lord; but then I feel how small have been my thanks compared with the largeness of the blessing. This evening I heard a beautiful sermon from dear papa, from Deut. ii. 7: '*He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness.*' I felt it so applicable. How has God led me, not forty years, but still many years! How has he been the Protector and Guide of my youth! And how has He brought me to what I am! When I thought of all this I did lift up my heart in gratitude—what He has done for me is overwhelming."

Again he would appear to have had his little school trials, springing now from a want of sympathy with his religious profession. Happy indeed for that boy whose school life glides smoothly on undisturbed by any other feeling than that which prejudice, produced by religious principle, creates! It was said by the enemies of the youthful Daniel, "*We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.*" Whitmore's deportment at school was regulated by a strict obedience to parental injunctions given on his first entrance, viz.—to admit to intimacy but few of his associates, and to select those few from among the most rigidly moral in their principles, and gentlemanly in their conduct —to keep aloof from all acts of insubordination— to recognise and uphold the authority of the Principal—to maintain self-respect—to do nothing covertly or openly that would produce a sense of shame—to stand by and say that which was right, even though he should stand alone— that if others enticed to consent not, and that if they ridiculed, to bear their ridicule manfully —to cultivate towards all, especially those who might differ in ecclesiastical views or display unfriendly feeling, the spirit of tolerance, meek-

ness, and love—to remember that God was the Inspector of private and public conduct—to walk in His fear, and to be constantly looking up to Him in prayer. He lived—as will be seen in the following extract—to trample out every spark of religious prejudice, and to win the kindly feeling of all his compeers.

"*5th.*—Sweet it is not only to believe, but also to experience that as much affliction as God is pleased to give, so much of His divine blessing He invariably bestows with it. He causes us to feel His rod that His blessing may be experienced the more. He makes us to taste the bitter only to prepare us for the sweet. And when He finds that prosperity weans us from Him and assimilates to the world, He chastens us. Oh, how sweet to be resigned to His will, feeling assured that He does all things for our best welfare; that when He afflicts, it is only out of kindness; and that when He accomplishes the end, He returns to us laden with blessing. Sweetly have I experienced this lately. At school He has remarkably stood by me. The prejudice against my religion has worn away, and those who were my bitter enemies are now my best friends. He has blest me in numerous other ways also. I trust He has given me a grateful heart. I have experienced that when we thanklessly receive a blessing at God's hand, He takes it away."

It was during a short but severe illness at school that his grandmother, while on a visit

to her family in town, addressed to him the following valuable Christian counsels :—

"39, *Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square.*

"DARLING WHITMORE,—How grandmamma feels for you, and how constantly she prays for you! Jesus is trying your young faith in this painful sickness. He wants you to look more to Him and less to Mr. ——, or to papa or mamma, for relief. All power is in His dear hands, who loves you better than you can possibly love yourself. Do you believe this? It is really so. Now lift up your heart to Him; though you cannot speak, He knows all that is passing in your dear heart, and ask Him to relieve your pain, and if it is His blessed will, to restore your health, and make you a blessing to your dear and anxious parents. He says to you, '*Ask and ye shall receive:*' '*If ye ask anything in My name, I will do it.*' This I have written to you before, but it cannot be urged upon you too often, for there are immense blessings connected with that one promise. There is another promise He has given you to plead before Him: '*Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.*' Now, precious child, is it not a day of trouble to you? Then, call upon the Lord, and tell Him so, and He will reveal Himself to you, and relieve you too. Oh, if you knew what a loving tender heart Jesus has! His name is *love.* He loves to hear you praying to Him. He loves importunate prayer. Go again and again. You will never weary Him. And now I pray

that He might bless this to you, my precious dear boy, for you are very dear to your affectionate grandmamma,

"MARY WINSLOW."

". . . I feel far from well, and have suffered much the last few days, of painful weakness. All the family have been most attentive and tender in my illness. I have much cause for gratitude to Him who has all hearts in His hand to turn them whithersoever He likes. All our mercies flow from Him who has loved us with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness has drawn us to Himself. Do not be satisfied with present attainments, but press onwards and upwards for greater communications of grace, faith, and love from Himself. Oh, ask *much!* Learn early in your eventful pilgrimage to live out of yourself upon Jesus. Do not live upon past favour or past experience; but upon present, fresh, soul-invigorating intercourse with Jesus, who is 'bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh.' All is in Christ. All your concerns are His concerns too —do not forget that. Nothing is too small to take to Him. Have you ever, when your lesson seemed too hard for you, lifted up your heart to Jesus to help you? Oh, live to Him, upon Him, and with Him! This simple life of confidence in Jesus He prizes above all things.

"Your affectionate grandmamma,

"MARY WINSLOW."

During the midsummer school-vacation of 1852, he accompanied a few members of his family to the Continent, with the intention of extending

the tour into Switzerland; but the illness of one of the party limited the journey to Paris. It was his first visit to the metropolis of France, and with his eager thirst for intelligence, and his fine appreciation of objects of historical interest and taste, there would be much to attract and engage his attention. One or two of his notes are subjoined, as indicating his thoughts and feelings on this occasion:—

"*Paris, Hôtel de Castiglione, July 20th*, 1852.

"DEAREST MAMMA,—I thought that, as all were writing, one or another every day, and as the expense of a letter from here is something, I would reserve *my* version until a later period. But I have not forgotten you, and have you often in my mind's eye, and have fancied what you were all doing, and how you enjoyed the quiet, now that we were all away, or whether you felt lonely. But I have thought of you more in connexion with poor Mrs. W——, and wondered why we have had no particulars of her death; but the letter may have miscarried. I had a presentiment when I parted from you at the Leamington Station that I should never see her again, and the only thing I could do was to pray for her, which I did as we rode along, and which I had often done before. Poor thing! I have cause to remember her, and should have loved to have heard the sweet music of her dying exclamation, 'Jesus is with me.' It rings in my ears when I am alone. This was all that you wrote about her, but it was sufficient to

convince us that she is in heaven. But I should like, when you have time, to know all the particulars. Her poor infant, too, has followed its mother.

. . . . "Paris is, indeed, a beautiful city, and the air so delightful! How I should like you to see it! but I do not think you would enjoy it, for you are so fond of being quiet, and this you would find almost impossible here. Although it is very warm we are constantly on the move, seeing all that is to be seen, and making the most of our time; so that we shall have plenty to tell you on our return home. H. and S. are keeping a journal, but this does not suit me. I reserve myself for observation upon the most striking things. I want play for thought, and feeling, and imagination, and this you can only have by taking each subject separately, and a detailed account of everything would be impossible."

"*Paris, Hôtel de Castiglione, July 26th.*

"DEAREST MAMMA.—We are at present very busy preparing to leave Paris to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, meet the boat at Calais at half-past three, arriving at Dover at five o'clock, where I shall spend the week that intervenes before the college re-opens. It seems an age since we left, but I suppose it is because we have seen so much—the history of ages past has been brought before us, exhibiting its glories, its follies, and its remains—whilst the history of the present, no less remarkable and curious, has been presented to us in its embryo state, leaving the future dark and mysterious. But still we leave in Paris alone (not to speak of its environs) much that we ought to have seen, and should

have seen, but for papa's illness. But it is all right, and we are only extremely thankful that he has got better so soon. In fact, I think he will be in much better health after this illness than before; for besides relieving him from the sad effects of past exertions of the brain (which have really brought on his illness), it will make him cautious for the future.

"Your affectionate Son,

"J. WHITMORE WINSLOW."

From his journal:—

"*Leamington, September 28th*, 1853.—It has been well observed that, while we study books, we should not neglect to study men. And I think the truth of this remark lies in the fact that, while from books we especially attain knowledge—by intercourse with, and contemplation of, our fellow-men, we more particularly gain experience. The social condition of man is a law of nature, while it presents very singular phenomena. But, perhaps, the most natural and pleasant characteristic of our species is friendship; and we learn by observation how extremely it differs from the mere social feeling, while at the same time we see connected with it also various and different features. I cannot examine them all at present, nor shall, perhaps, ever be able to do so in the future, but can only mention one, which, though I have seen it before, I have never experienced until to-day. It is, that true friendship can scarcely exist but between two; a third party is sure to mar it. Where there is not an equal ground, friendship is almost impossible, and an equality of mind and sentiment and condition

between three is a rare thing in this diversified and confused scene around us."

"*October 4th.*—What a blessed thing it is that we are not to live here always, that our existence is not bounded by this lower sphere! Holy Father, may our hearts, while aching, praise Thee that Thy chastenings but wean us from this sinful and disappointing world, and fill our minds with holy joy, and longing hope for the blessed heaven to come. Oh, may Thy love more completely fill these truant hearts! May thy sacred relationship of 'Father' dry the starting tear, when an earthly parent may chide the failings which Thy love forgives. May Thy ceaseless affection, changeless ever, when we wander, link our souls in closer union with Thee. Oh, my precious Saviour, may that look of pity and love, which beamed so gloriously from Calvary, light upon Thy weak and sinful child! And when justice or injustice frown upon us, may we find in Thy loving bosom a shelter from the storm. And though the world, or those we love, cease to sympathise, precious Saviour, Thou wilt never look coldly down, but wilt open Thy heart to love and to receive us."

What true child of God does not pant for the deep sanctification which breathes in the next quotation? Such matured holiness does not often blossom upon a branch so young and tender. But God was early fitting him for the perfect purity that was *so soon* to crown his translated spirit.

His, indeed, was the *silence of holiness;* but, perhaps, all the more expressive and powerful.

"As truly as the sinner feels himself unfit for heaven and for heavenly society on earth, so truly does the child of God feel sad and unhappy when in the society of the wicked. How low and humbled do we feel when accidentally or necessarily obliged to listen to unholy conversation, or to witness some open act of sin. Alas! next to our own sinfulness we ought to deplore the wickedness of those we are constantly coming in contact with. All we can do is to observe a marked silence, and show by our conduct and example how painful it is to our spirits, though we would desire openly to rebuke. Words, however, are sometimes less significant than conduct, and I have often found how powerful is the effect of silent example. But we need much wisdom and much grace both to speak and to act as we ought and when we ought, though, alas! in both we are sadly deficient, and often by conniving at sin, directly or indirectly, in others, we are the cause of sin to them, and the occasion of a guilty conscience to ourselves. But, blessed thought, that with all our deficiences, the righteousness of Christ is our complete covering, and by its merit we shall soon reach the realms of purity where sin can never enter."

"*To his Cousin.*

"MY DEAR HENRY,—Papa says you were very near coming down with him yesterday, but for some appoint-

ment. I write to say that we shall be happy to see you, and think you should take a week's holiday; we can then have some nice walks and a little boating on the Avon. I have not been able to do much work since my return from Paris, but have been dipping into some delightful books in mother-tongue found in papa's library, and which were quite refreshing after such a constant poring over Latin and Greek. Leamington looks delightful. I always think when I return to it that I have nowhere seen a prettier place; the only drawback is that the air is less bracing than I should like. How did you find them all in town? and what are your movements? I had a note from Dr. Carson yesterday. Papa came home full of Oxford and the admission of Nonconformists; but he has sobered down to old Trinity; there is no knowing what turn events may take. We had a delightful sermon last evening from Psalm cvii. 7: '*And he led them forth by a right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.*' I suppose you will attend Mr. Jarman's ministry. Write whether you will come, and give my love to Stephen.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"WHITMORE."

"*Sunday, June 19th,* 1853.—My last Sunday, probably, at the Leamington College. Those only who know my past history there can understand the emotions which I feel upon quitting it, to enter upon the wide field of the world. And yet how inadequate those emotions, compared with the events that have transpired to call them forth. A momentary glimpse of the past—

one view of the important present—and a bewildering glance into the future, and yet how cold and dull! Oh Father, preserve me from the deadening influence of all within and without; and grant me an eye to see, and a heart to feel, all thy tenderness, forbearance, and love. When I think of the place where a great part of my youth has been passed—the varied scenes I have witnessed—the events in which I have had my share, and my closing career, I tremble with wonder, and would fain hide my head from the contemplation of the sins committed. Yes, how little others know us, and how little we know ourselves. And yet I think I can say, with all conviction of its truth, that God has given me the knowledge of myself, though not to the fullest extent."

"20*th*.—Macaulay, in his essay upon Lord Bacon, has this remark:—'Bacon far behind his age! Bacon far behind Sir Edward Coke! Bacon clinging to exploded abuses! Bacon withstanding the progress of improvement! Bacon struggling to hurl back the human mind!' These words seem strange. They seem like a contradiction in terms; yet the fact is even so, and the explanation may be readily found by any person who is not blinded by prejudice. Mr. Montague cannot believe that so extraordinary a man as Bacon could be guilty of a bad action; as if history were not made up of bad actions of extraordinary men; as if all the most noted destroyers and deceivers of our species, all the founders of arbitrary governments and false religions, had not been extraordinary men; as if nine-tenths of the calamities which have befallen the human race had any

other origin than the union of high intelligence with base deeds. Now is this an extraordinary fact that the world owes nine-tenths of its calamities to extraordinary men? Is it not a solemn verity? Does it not argue the wisdom of Satan thus to employ the noblest intellect in his service, and the folly of man thus to prostrate his power at the feet of such a master? Alas, alas! a great mind is to often the index of a lost soul! Strange fact that man seems to understand everything but himself and his destiny."

"Here we are in the middle of the nineteenth century—will the world ever see the twentieth? If so, and if they go on at their present rapid rate, future generations will scarcely own affinity with us, and we should hardly dare claim connexion with them. But the probability is, that the next century will dawn upon the world in a far different condition than that which we at present imagine. The condition to which it will then have arrived will be the commencement of a new era. We know not the day when this great revolution is to take place; but we are led to think that it is not far distant. The Bible foretells it and the events that will precede it; and these events seem coming upon us with astonishing rapidity, and with a fearful confirmation of the truth of revelation. Knowledge walks the earth—history literally flies from one place to a hundred others in almost a moment of time. Continent is linked with continent—time and distance are obliterated—the winds and waves, and all the elements of nature, seem to bend to the power of man. Society, too, seems on the eve of some great moral and physical revolution.

Already are heard the rumblings of the earthquake . . Satan has been very busy in the world from the fall to the present moment; and we have reason to believe that he is now accumulating his energies for the last struggle. Wars and rumours of war are abroad on the earth. Popery is making bold endeavours to regain its footing. Christianity is spreading in every heathen land; and everything, in fact, in the present aspect of the world, speaks some great coming event. Watch and pray, for in an hour ye know not the Son of man will come."

LIFE.

"Amidst all the characters given by poets and philosophers to Life, perhaps the least regarded is the *imagination*. Life in its loveliest forms consists in a great measure in the imagination. Thus thought loves to dwell upon scenes of future or fancied happiness, grouping into the most felicitous shapes all one's future career. Thus it grasps an airy bubble floating by in momentary splendour, and builds upon it a destiny of the highest and most substantial happiness. How one's youthful imagination seems to bear us on blind to the misery and woe all around us—blind to the stern and sometimes sickening realities of existence, and alive only to the beautiful and happy, the gay and glorious. How imagination—that wonderful power of the soul—can magnify a transient beam of sunshine into an ever-abiding and increasing stream of effulgent radiancy! How a look from the eye, a smile of the countenance, a trifling act of love, can kindle a flame in the soul, which our fond imagination would persuade us

elieve is enduring, giving power and warmth! How dening are feelings of youth! how keen its susceptiies to the beautiful! But alas, alas! how Life in its ard progress alters this beautiful picture! How do the dark shades pencilled by the experience of and sorrow cast their chilling influences upon the as once so gaily tinted! How soon the keen t of adversity sweeps away, as with a whirlwind, all before seemed so beautiful and promising! How the slow but fearfully sure disease cuts down the ling flower! Yea, how strange a mystery is Life! yet—

'Life is real, life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

'Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.'

when once the eye has been turned in the right tion, and the mists and phantoms have disappeared, hall see that life is the theatre of action—the day evelation, and the prelude to eternity—an eternity se untold wonders are beyond the highest flight ie imagination."

## CHAPTER III.

**Enters Trinity College—Letter from Rev. Dr. Burbidge—Arrival in Dublin—Remarks on the University—Living for God—Diary—University life—Love of the Bible—Social intercourse—His labours in the Sunday-school—Remarks on its advantages—Expiration of first College term—Honours in classics—Journal—Individuality—Death of his grandmamma—Youth—Tour on the Continent—Letter to his father—Notes of travels—Criticisms on the fine arts—Return home.**

In October, 1853, Whitmore closed his curriculum at the Leamington School, and entered his name as an undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin. Desirous of availing himself of the lectures, he took rooms in the University, and entered upon his higher studies under the able tutorage of the Rev. Dr. Carson. On relinquishing the school for the University, he bore with him some early, endeared and lasting friendships; and especially, the affectionate regards of the Principal, whose interest in his welfare continued to the close of his life, and who addressed to him the following valuable hints on his arrival at Dublin, the insertion of which in this place, may be useful to others who are about to enter upon their University career.

"*Leamington College, Nov. 22nd,* 1853.

"MY DEAR WINSLOW,—I thank you very much for your early announcement of your settlement in Dublin, which I can easily imagine must have been a very novel sensation to you. The first possession of a teapot is an era in life. In general, I am afraid, however, that one soon finds the dignity rather oppressive,—it is very well to pour out for one's friends, but to pour out for oneself alone is not so agreeable. Your cousin's society, however, will probably prevent your feeling the loneliness of the commencement of University life.

"I was very glad, of course, to hear that you experienced no difficulty in getting into your new post, but, in fact, I did not anticipate any. I shall be glad, however, to hear what sort of examination you were actually subjected to.

"All *particulars* of your new life will be interesting to me, because I wish to know how far it resembles Oxford and Cambridge. Tell me about the college, your rooms, habits, etc.; any facts, indeed, will be welcome to me. What are the habits of the men? That there is a reading and refined class I do not doubt, and that you will belong to it.

"It is a great satisfaction to me, indeed, to believe as entirely as I do that your course will be, in the main at least, all that your best friends could wish for you. If I make any qualification of my confidence, it is only such as *must* be made in the case of any young man of your age and circumstances. I say 'circumstances' because, in fact, you have lived hitherto constantly under a powerful home influence, which leaves it quite possible

that even you yourself don't yet know fully what your natural character is. And, while I am quite persuaded that Christian principle has taken a strong hold of you, it is quite conceivable that new temptations, arising out of a position so different, may make self-regulation a less easy matter than it may have been hitherto.

"The cautions I should think most necessary to suggest refer to self-indulgence in the way of society, and of literary trifling. I think you might be led to miss the real discipline which you are sent to get by either of these temptations. Judge, however, for yourself, as you can better than any one else, and do not think that I mean to proscribe either the taking a share of society, or some relaxation in point of general literature; only don't do too much either way, and especially the latter. To be really eminent in general literature may be a most legitimate object of ambition; but to achieve this nothing is so needful as strict mental discipline; and you *especially* require this, because you have a greater gift of words than most. And I am not depreciating this, but, on the contrary, I tell you it is a great advantage if you will learn to use it as such, but it will also betray you into the bottomless pit of rhodomontade, if you are not on your guard. Do not be tempted to magazine writing when you should be doing soberer work, although there is no harm in such exercise as *play-work*. And, above all, do not be too much pleased with any success you might get in that way, for, however good your productions may be, you may take my word for it they will look very poor to you ten years later, at least, if you in the interval grow as I hope you will.

"We are going on pretty much as usual here, except that the examination is beginning to loom large on the horizon, and is, I hope, causing a good deal of interest. By a development of the plan we have been following for the last two years, we have got to *nine* classes. I tell you these things, hoping you do not cease to take an interest in us. I look forward with great pleasure to the increase of the band of old Augustans—departed heroes.

"God bless you, my dear Winslow. Write to me whenever you are disposed; I shall always be glad to hear from you; and believe me, very faithfully your friend,

"T. BURBIDGE."

His arrival in Dublin—where an affectionate and cordial welcome awaited him at the home of a beloved Christian friend—formed a new and strange era in his history. It was truly by a peculiar and untried way God was now leading him, but not without having furnished him with resources equal to its demand. He had calmly and prayerfully surveyed his future path, and, in faith and hope, had girded himself for its high and solemn duties. The prospect of one day preaching the Saviour whom he loved, and of being instrumental in winning souls to Christ, for which he yearned, formed the pole-star which fixed his eye, guided and animated his course. Many a long and weary stage intervened ere

the goal could be reached; but the love of Christ constrained him, and, borne onward by the irresistible force of this divine impulse, '*for him to live was Christ.*'

It may not be necessary fully to state the reasons which decided in favour of an Irish University, as the scene of Whitmore's future studies. Let it suffice to say, however, that the high reputation as a seat of learning of Dublin University, in which, particularly in science and divinity, it is not surpassed, if indeed equalled, by any other, went far to give it the preference. In addition to this, its sound Protestant character was not its least attraction and charm. The name of its learned and venerable head, in alliance with a staff of professors, eminent for their pure Christianity as for their ripe scholarship, forms a sufficient guarantee that neither Romish superstition nor German rationalism can be enthroned in the chair, or find a response in the class-room, of Trinity College, Dublin. The advantage of a thoroughly evangelical and spiritual ministry, combined with the highly intelligent, and cultivated character of Irish Society, completed the attractions of Dublin.

He was now fully launched upon his new and responsible career, determined in God's strength to improve to its utmost this golden opportunity of becoming completely furnished for the sacred profession to which he had consecrated himself. His severe studies—for he united himself with the Honour course immediately on his entrance—often invading, injudiciously we think, the hours of sleep, prevented the daily record of the self-communings which he had been accustomed to observe; so that many months had elapsed ere we find any further jottings in his journal. On the back of one of his Mathematical papers, however, a brief sentence occurs, which sufficiently indicates the spiritual tone of mind with which he embarked in his new course.

"*Sunday, January* 21*st*, 1854. *Trinity College, Dublin.*—What a glorious motto for a man—'I LIVE FOR GOD!' It is religion's truest definition. It is a motto for a life. Can a man suppose that he was made for himself? Miserable thought! Yet the world acts upon this belief. They devise, and scheme, and accomplish apparently for others; but the spring of action and the end of action is—*self*. While I write, it is under the conviction that this is a course abhorrent to God and to myself."

Reader! are you living for God? No other life

is worthy the name—no other life is *life*. He only truly lives who lives to glorify God here, animated with the blessed hope of enjoying God for ever hereafter. Again we ask, Are you living for God? Are your youth, talents, time, and service unreservedly consecrated and devoted to Him? If a true believer in the Lord Jesus, you will adopt the language of Paul, '*None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.*'

After the lapse of several months, we find him returning to his diary.

"*Wednesday, April 26th*, 1854. *Trinity College, Dublin.*—What an inclination one sometimes feels to transcribe the thoughts that pass through the mind, especially when they relate to our spiritual feelings! Who would not preserve a thought that has winged its way from the throne of God, fragrant with the love of Jesus, and elevating the mind above the trifles below? Oh, to have it stamped upon the soul, shedding its sweetness continually. But alas! this is too much for earth. No sooner do we pause to give it permanence, than, as if shrinking from the contact with matter, it flies away and is gone. We endeavour to recall it, but how vain. Yet the attempt is not worthless. A thought preserved is a vein of gold. How blessed when one is low and downcast in mind and body, to feel a little up-

lifting, and to trace, yet more blessed, the healing hand of the Great Physician. To see the Shepherd of the sheep stooping to take and embrace in His arms of love the weak and feeble lamb. '*When men are cast down, then Thou shalt say, There is lifting up.*' Oh, the delightful feeling, this 'lifting up!' Who can express it but the man who has been down into the lowest depths, and then brought up so high that the world appears, as it were, a mere bubble, a toy, an insignificant nothing! The world no longer is visible to him—lost in the glorious light shed upon his soul by the sight of Jesus. We sometimes reason ourselves into the belief, that the world, with all its grandeur, beauty, and wonder, must be something worth our attention. But, oh! five minutes' communion with God, in spite of reason and of ourselves, convinces us that nothing but the object upon which our soul rests is truly great. Not true? Yes, it is a glorious truth—our souls attest it now, and heaven will confirm it hereafter."

NATIONAL HUMILIATION AND PRAYER.

"One cannot help alluding to the peculiar significancy this day may have on after history. It has been set apart as a day of national humiliation and prayer for the blessing of God upon the British arms about to contend with the forces of Russia. The cloud is lowering, the future dark, and to all appearance the world has never witnessed a crisis so portentous. Some think the 'end' is drawing nigh—that Christ is at hand. One cannot tell, but it seems a terrible inauguration of the Millennium, and does not look much as if nations were about to '*beat their swords into ploughshares, and to*

*learn war no more.*' But it is of little use speculating; we leave it to Him who lives and reigns, and holds all nations in the grasp of His hand. '*Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?*'"

"*May 5th.*—What a sublime thing for man to look unconcerned at the storm—dark, lowering, surprising, —and exclaim, 'I fear it not!' But to look at the little petty annoyances of life with the same feeling is quite another matter. But the Christian can be calm. My Bible tells me, 'Jesus reigns,' and so I need not fear what man can do unto me. All things are Christ's, and so all things are mine What! is this *my* state? Am I so honoured? Yes! and my experience confirms its truth. I have found Jesus strength, happiness, all. I may not feel this now; I may be in the depths, laid there by the will of my heavenly Father, as a chastisement for some sin. Nevertheless I will smile at difficulties, and trust and feel that all is for the best, though, oh how hard at times to feel this! We must have trust, perfect trust in God, and the cloud, however dark, will soon break in sunshine upon our heads.

"I doubt whether a man can be a stoic, except on extraordinary occasions; but a Christian can be as a Christian. Some individuals have susceptibility of mind to a greater degree than others. Their minds take in so much, see so much, feel so much. They may not utter a syllable, but their minds may be stretched to the utmost tension of feeling. Nevertheless, the Christian ought to be '*careful for nothing* (that is, be very anxious about nothing, as it might be rendered), *but by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make known his*

*requests unto God.*' It is a hard matter to learn this, but God's Spirit can teach us everything. We are learners, and must expect to be till we reach heaven. Oh that blessed day!"

"*June 7th.*—It is a grand mistake which is generally made upon first entering the Christian career, that the serenity of mind and the unearthliness of feeling then prevailing, will for ever remain; and that the barrier is effectually raised against all future encroachments on the part of the world or the wicked one. It is, perhaps, a happy mistake, and one which we would not have removed at the time. The first bloom of heavenly youth is too transient to allow us to breathe a single breath that would mar its sweetness; but time and experience are realities which will make themselves felt, and unfold and reveal what, at first sight, would be inexpedient for the young heart to behold. Progression must be gradual, and though, through the variety and difference of its stages, it produces a like variety and difference of feeling in ourselves, it is apt, by its often painful lessons, to make us look back upon the past with a wistful eye. We ought to regard it in the light of an instructor opening up to us the knowledge of ourselves, our duty, and our destiny. Yes, we move along a difficult road; we tread a path of toil and danger; the thorns of which, the flowers of youthful feeling, joy, and hope, had covered and hidden with their beauty."

University life is not, and, perhaps, ought not to be, prolific of varied and stirring incident. Its legitimate occupation—dry and monotonous

—has necessarily more to do with the inner than the outer world, with a man's self rather than with his fellows, with the departed rather than with the living. An undergraduate, if he possess an enlightened and solemn conviction of his position, will feel that the great work for which he is now to employ every moment and task every energy is,—*self-development.* That his soul is a rich mine of wealth, whose veins of thought he is deligently and prayerfully to explore; that his mind is crowded with pictures of a Divine Artist, upon which he is to unbar the closed windows and pour in the sunlight of truth and knowledge. Can any spectacle, then, be more lamentable than that of a university man, with a position the finest in the world for study, and, perhaps, with powers capable of the highest culture and fitted for the greatest distinction and usefulness, committing the suicidal act of emasculating his intellectual and beclouding his moral faculties by light and superficial reading; or wasting his golden hours in college convivialities, in social pastime, or in individual habits, the tendency of which must inevitably be to impede and bedwarf his intellectual and moral growth? Let the young men of our universities feel that they belong to their country, and that their country has need of them;

let the pious student feel that he belongs to the Church of Christ, and that the Church has need of him; let all feel that they belong to God, and that God holds them accountable—and let them act accordingly.

With close study Whitmore united the most vigilant and prayerful attention to the spiritual state of his own soul. Religion, with him, took the precedence of every other engagement. He sought '*first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.*' There are many and peculiar temptations in college life unfavourable to growth in spirituality. The tendency of scholastic pursuits is not to help the soul heavenwards. There was much point and truth in a remark of Legh Richmond to his son at Cambridge: "Christ has often been crucified between the classics and mathematics." To maintain the life of God in the soul healthful —to preserve the tone of personal religion unimpaired—to keep the heart right with God in the midst of so much that is alluring—pure, where so much from heathen poets is defiling—to hold fast the simplicity of Gospel truth amidst the mystifying and bewildering mazes of philosophical research and metaphysical speculation, demand a constant and vigilant sentinel over the heart, a devotional, not critical, study of the Bible, and a close walk

with God in the closet. Oh, what is the r worth of all a man's intellectual and scholast attainments if upon their altar he sacrifices th life of God in his soul! Who have proved th most eminent and successful preachers of th Gospel? not the most erudite and accomplished —not the most classical and intellectual, but those the most thoroughly and spiritually instructed in the doctrines of grace, and the most deeply sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost! Unsanctified learning has proved an untold bane to the Church of God. Let there be learning, let the mind be furnished with ancient and modern lore, let the intellectual powers be cultivated to their utmost extent, but let *personal piety* be the groundwork, and in the advance of all. Let ardent love to Christ be cherished, let closet communion be maintained, let thirsting for holiness deepen, let sympathy with men and compassion for the lost be cultivated, and let the Christian undergraduate —the candidate for the holy ministry—be more ambitious of leaving the university an eminently *spiritual* rather than an eminently learned man. Let him remember that, when in holy orders, and he ascends the pulpit, he is to preach—not philosophy, nor the classics, nor mathematics, nor English Puseyism, nor German Rationalism,

—but *the pure, full Gospel of Jesus Christ.* And woe unto him if he preach not the Gospel! And yet is not this well-nigh the very last thing in which many aspirants for the pulpit dream of being primarily and thoroughly instructed—a knowledge, experimental and spiritual, of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God?

In the midst of his exhausting studies Whitmore found time and occasion for the communion of saints', and for plans of Christian usefulness. He was wont of an evening occasionally to steal away from his College rooms to the pleasant home in Upper Bagot-street that had first welcomed him to Ireland, and there, in sacred communion with a kindred spirit, unveil his hidden stores of thought and feeling, always closing the soul-refreshing hour with prayer. Up to the time of his departure for Dublin he had attached himself to the Sunday-school connected with my own congregation, and soon after his arrival in that city he took a class in a most destitute and desolate part of the town, with which he laboured for some time; he then transferred his labours to the Rev. C. Wolseley's Sunday-school; subsequently, and until he died, he taught a class at "Bethesda," the Rev. John Alcock's. There are few spheres of Christian labour from which a young man preparing for the

Gospel ministry will derive more practical advantage than the Sunday-school. In addition to the interest in young children which the work inspires, and which is so essential an element in ministerial training, is the self-discipline which it promotes, the after results of which must be invaluable. A well-cultivated mind that can so simplify truth as to bring it within the range of a child's capacity, is fitted to mould the thoughts and control the opinions of any order of intellect with which it may be brought into contact. But even beyond these advantages, its tendency to keep religion from becoming stagnant in the soul may be regarded as of the greatest moment to the pious student. Every means to the promotion of heart-piety should be sought and cultivated by him, whose future and solemn work it will be, by sound doctrine to save *others*, and by personal sanctity to save *himself*.

At the expiration of his first term at Dublin, Whitmore returned home to spend his vacation in the bosom of his family. God had crowned his studies thus far with success. Unknown to us he had been reading for honours, and with characteristic modesty he bore back the college certificate, which awarded to him the second honour in classics. Calculated as this distinction was to

impart self-complacency and exuberance of spirits, we, however, observed a yet more marked development of his quiet, reflective, lowly nature. He had become more than ever enclosed within the calm stillness of his own soul, and, like the young patriarch, loved to retreat to the fields at eventide to meditate, always accompanied by some favourite author. But his journal, which on his return home he again resumed, unveils some of those hidden thoughts and feelings, which in lonely pensiveness now occupied his mind:—

"*Leamington, Friday, July 14th,* 1854.—I question the happiness of those who have minds of such exquisite sensibility that they retire, disgusted with mankind for reasons which, to minds more stolid, would scarcely attract observation, much less attract feeling. But so it is, and the longer I live, the more I feel my lot to be inevitably cast with these sensitive beings; and although enjoying at times an intensity and a refinement of pleasure in an atmosphere all my own, I yet know with them the acuteness of mental suffering that appears to counterbalance this, giving a sadness to the spirit which others cannot comprehend, and leaving me 'alone amongst the crowd." This is but the result of a keen mental vision which sees too deeply into men and things to allow of present gratification, which perceives the meaning of the slightest gesture, and fathoms motives and intentions which a surface view could never reveal, and of course, in so doing, finds depravity where

others suspect it not, and when it is in some measure observed, magnifies it a hundred fold. How much this is the case with the generality of men I cannot confidently affirm; they may read us as we read them, but judging from outward appearances, the result of their observation lies far from the truth; they are either satisfied with their examinations, or if unsatisfactory, determined to act as if ignorant of it. But, however this may be, it is certain that the minds of most men are not of that delicate texture which characterises the select few. They may have an equality of observation and knowledge, but they certainly have not an equality of feeling, and so we have no sympathy with them, or rather, they have none with us; and I can easily understand how impossible it is for those who do not feel with us to have any sympathy with us. Hence arises a dislike of association with those unkindred minds; and since those of our own stamp seldom cross our path, a love of solitude. Others cannot but observe this, and think us strange; wonder what enjoyment we can find in wandering alone to some rural retreat, sitting down to some 'stupid book,' and speaking to nobody except when occasion requires. They cannot understand us, and well, for their world is not ours. They are occupied with external objects, busy with the things that perish, their whole thoughts centred upon the present, while we love to commune with the soul, to search into the mysteries of God and of nature, and to have our eyes open to the future, not of this world, but of the next. We see so much to harass and distress us in things corporeal that we love to hold converse with things spiritual.

We revel in a world of thought; we escape from the society of man to that of nature, and then expatiate amidst her loveliness and purity, hold secret communion with her and with her Maker, and shut out external objects in a reverie of spiritual feeling. How natural that a mind so constituted should be disgusted with the fraud and folly, the selfishness and villany of the world, and even where these are not immediately presented, but where outwardly all is refinement and rectitude, sometimes even to puritanical strictness, how discouraging to find it is not a reality! To find the secret of the soul—those feelings that we naturally regard as sacred, and which we scarcely dare speak about, except to the ears of God, rudely discoursed upon by the tongue—it shocks the feelings of a sensitive and religious mind; it gives an unhallowed character to religion; for I cannot but believe that what the heart deeply feels, the tongue will be careful to conceal, for those thoughts and feelings, especially in religion, which the heart feels to be its peculiar possession, and so sacred, it will anxiously avoid communicating. Hence the naturally sensitive mind has great reason to dislike society, and to create a world of its own, where it may enjoy that aliment which its spiritual nature can alone imbibe.

"Reflection, however, and an insight into the constitution of things, leads one to see that it is not exactly right to shut oneself up from the rest of the world; that though we are individuals we are but parts of a great whole. Much more does religion teach us that we are not only part of a great society, but that we are to live in a great measure to promote its welfare;

that it is in a lost and ruined condition, and that all our efforts, as soldiers of a great Captain, should be brought forward to aid in its recovery. What, then, is one to do who is not so fitted for this fighting work as others are, whose mental constitution is of such a refined nature that it shrinks from mere contact with these opposing elements? This is my question, and it must be answered ere long, or my chance of ever doing anything will be lost for ever. I feel that now is the time that habits are formed; and unless I can overcome my natural reserve, and rush boldly into the battle, the day will be over, and I shall be found a coward, or more than a coward, a deserter. O God, strengthen me! Thou hast been the guide of my youth; oh, be the general of my manhood! Under Thy banner may I boldly engage the enemy, and look forward to the crown—the crown of victory and glory."

How few pause seriously to reflect upon their *individuality!* The great multitude of human beings, including a large proportion of religious professors, live as a society, and not as individuals. Thus it is that personal obligation, duty, and influence become transferred to associate and irresponsible bodies, and so are lost to the church and the world, as streams in the ocean. Whitmore was, through divine grace, a striking exception to this class. He resolved to live for God, and to act upon man—*as an individual.* Thus he writes:—

"*July 10th.*—I have been unable to shake off of late an almost painful feeling of my responsibility as *an individual*. That we are, and that we shall be, seems a verity that gives little concern to men; and yet it is a fact calculated to excite the deepest interest in every human breast. Deathless existence! But a still more soul-stirring truth is it in the relation it bears to other facts. Our souls, though unity and individuality itself, are yet most solemnly intertwined with the universe of being around us. We *must* act upon others. It is impossible to separate the fact that *we* exist from the consequences of that existence. As sure as a certain and potent cause brings its effect, and that in due proportion, so our lives, being actual active verities, must influence other lives: and that influence will in time react upon ourselves with its appropriate good or evil. When the solemnity of this fact strikes the reflective mind, the question immediately suggests itself—'What am I doing? Am I scattering around me the elements of good or of evil? Am I properly aware of the responsibility resting upon me for the influence I exert?' Oh, how conscience strikes a tremor through the inmost soul at the very thought, not only that this is true, but that its very truth necessitates a terrible amount of deficiency in our daily conduct. Oh, how we sinfully desire to throw off our individual responsibility! But it is impossible—it is the return required for the gift of life, and must be met by each individual. Alas! how few will be able to meet it when they appear before the bar of God. But finding that we must influence others, and that we do not in the main influence them for good,

what are we to do? Are we required to perform that which we feel ourselves too weak to perform? It cannot be otherwise, for the conviction of our souls—than which nothing can be more trusted—is, that we are to influence for good, and therefore the thing must be possible. The fact of our weakness does not belie its possibility, but only urges us all the more to seek aid from God Himself. It shows us that we are dependent creatures, and that God's law is that we shall not act independently of Him. Hence the necessity of a prayerful waiting upon Him for strength, that we may be able to live aright, and so exert a right influence. O God, my Saviour, help me to do this! For while I am prone to be influenced by all evil, and so shall influence others, I need Thy influence most potently to bear upon my heart, that I may so influence others for good."

The deep and tender interest in his spiritual advancement cherished by his grandmother—so characteristic of that eminent and venerable saint of God—has been alluded to. To her instructions and prayers in early life Whitmore owed much. It was her wont to cluster around her in her room the younger branches of the family, and instil into their minds the essential and precious truths of the Gospel, explaining to them the plan of salvation by a child-like faith in the Lord Jesus, illustrating, in a way that deeply interested and engaged their young

minds, by scripture narrative, and occasionally from striking incidents in her own eventful life, the sacred lessons she taught. She has been known in this way to rivet and sustain their attention for hours. Prayer often closed these little domestic services. It was a touching and impressive spectacle, which has often met the eye of the writer, to witness this aged saint and the youthful subject of this memorial, sitting by her side with profound interest and respect, drinking in the sacred words that flowed from her lips. How soon were they to meet together before the throne of God and of the Lamb! It was her grandson's privilege to be at home during the early part of her last illness, and to witness the sustaining power of her simple, firm faith in Jesus, as life drew near its close. He thus refers in his journal to this circumstance:—

"*Sunday evening, July 22nd,* 1854.—My dear grandmamma is not so well this evening; but oh, so bright, so palpably near heaven! I think I never saw it so sweet and true as when I had a short glance at her face just now, its expression speaking so gloriously of the beauties of holiness, and the reality of God's redeeming love, though she herself uttered not a word. As I entered, she was remarking upon her astonishment that others did not see heaven so near and enjoy it as she

did; that they did not join with her in constant bursts of rapturous anticipation; and then, as if reflecting upon the difference of situation, she remarked that, perhaps, she wearied us with her continued dwelling upon one subject, and so would be silent. But certainly the glance I had of her aged, heaven-lit countenance spoke more eloquently to my heart than any words could do; which drew forth, as I left the room, an involuntary tear. Oh, what true sublimity does a long life of close walk with God confer and stamp upon the soul when just in view of heaven! It gathers not its beauty from language. As we gaze upon the saintly countenance, with its solemn but happy expression, we read thoughts which we feel no words could convey."

The phases which Christian experience assumes are varied. Not the least remarkable is that *sacred silence of the mind* which the believer finds often the most appropriate exponent of his hidden feelings—when, indeed, his thoughts are too profound, his joy too sacred, his sorrow too deep, his soul-exercises too peculiar for utterance. This reserve may, also, in part arise from the want of a sympathetic mind, a kindred spirit,—one whose heart chords, like the Eolian answering to the gentlest breath of evening, can respond to the soul's tender, trembling emotions; such a friend as the poet thus describes:—

"His fine-toned heart, like the harp of the winds,
Answers in sweetness each breeze that sings;
And the storm of grief, and the breath of joy,
Draw nothing but music from its strings."

Or, as another poet beautifully expresses the same sentiment:—

"And throbbing pulses silently
Moved heart to heart by sympathy."

Sad, however, that the mind should thus feed upon itself! But what a gracious provision has the Gospel made for this state! If, amidst its silent musing, its lonely sorrow, the pensive heart *turns to Jesus*, it finds in an instant all for which its pantings craved. Here is a Friend of changeless love, of boundless sympathy; here is a '*Brother*' whom '*adversity*' claimed as its own, and with whom

"Sorrow is a *sacred* thing."

To Him in the fullest confidence the believer can unveil His most sacred emotions, and tell his deepest thoughts. Oh, admit the Saviour to the full confidence of your heart, throw open the innermost shrine of your soul to His love, then shall your '*peace flow like a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea!*' This was happily Whitmore's early experience. There is

true and touching eloquence in the following description of his feelings:—

"*Monday, August 3rd,* 1854.—Oh, how impossible to express the pungent feelings of the soul when under some powerful influence! Thoughts may burn and blaze within, and no conductor be found to convey their intensity. The soul assails itself. The heart leaps quick and high, but finds the casket that contains its treasures an imperious restraint upon its keen powers, and human language but an imperfect outlet for their expression and expansion. Alas! no soul meets mine, or exchanges the electric flow of thought and sympathy. I am alone. The sighs and breathings of my spirit meet no echo in the yielding air, but rise and evaporate, unseen, unfelt, perchance to return in cold dew upon my brow. O Melancholy! on some gentle spirits thou dost shed thine influence so strong, that even their joys are sad and pensive; the whole tenor of their life, a story of sorrow; their abiding motto—'All is vanity.' Yes; but I am not *quite* alone. One heart beats in unison with mine—the heart of JESUS flows out in all its tenderness, and melts away the icy chill that gathers around my spirit; and though in all things else I find an aching void, *here* is fulness, richness, love."

There is much sage counsel and sound philosophy in the next remarks. Let the young reader of these pages ponder them. The ardour of youth is often such as to brook with impatience the long and tedious preparation and

delay which necessarily intervenes between the hopes and aspirations of the mind, and their actual realization. It is too much forgotten, that habits of thought must be formed, knowledge gained, character moulded, the reflective powers developed, the reasoning faculties disciplined, and the moral feelings trained and chastened before the battle of life begins. All this may demand years of laborious study, of patient, dogged application. Nevertheless, not a well-spent moment or a well-directed effort, in this severe process, is really lost, but, rather, will prove in the end so much actual gain. The substratum is now being formed, the foundation is now being laid for the future fabric. Youth is the germinating period of life—the bud is bursting—the blossom is blowing—the fruit is setting—the harvest, golden and rich, will be sickled by-and-by. Nothing, then, is a waste that is now employed. God has given you powers, and it is your duty to train them to the highest pitch of culture, calmly, and in faith, waiting the moment when He will summon them upon the wide theatre of action. Once embarked on your calling in life, and you have no more time to work at the base. All your energies are then devoted to rear the fabric of your

usefulness and fame; and that fabric, in massiveness, loftiness, and beauty, will be in proportion to the breadth and strength of the foundation which you laid in your College studies. Listen to the testimony of one who, forming in earliest youth a just and solemn estimate of life, was never known to waste in frivolous engagements a moment; or to lose in trifling amusements an opportunity of informing his judgment, of enriching his mind, of cultivating those intellectual and moral powers without which, whatever his natural genius, no man can be truly good or eminently great:—

"*August 8th.*—To everything there is a season, and nature has given to each its right order. To displace it would be the most egregious folly. Who would make the blooming summer, or the rich autumn, precede the youthful spring? The very thought not only jars upon our common sense, but crushes at one blow a thousand natural feelings of the heart. God has made everything beautiful in its season. Beginning, progression, and then perfection, is the acknowledged law, as seen in all the works of His creative power, and that law cannot be transgressed without the most serious results. The young heart often rebels against this slow process, and would create perfection in a moment. Its energy, when only rising into conscious power, reaches forth into imaginary battle-fields, and with one fell stroke lays the world

conquered at its feet. A splendid battle and a brilliant victory is all its bright eye gazes upon, as the immediate result of its youthful and fancied sortie on the marshalled plain of life. Ah! how many have seen, in the bright mirror of their imagination, this glowing and vigorous picture, but to find it all a dream!—a beautiful but delusive dream. Those who contemplate the future, as clothed with the chastened colours of the past,—who observe the character and the changeableness of nature's laws, are content for the present to sheathe the glittering sword and wait; to observe the contest, but refrain to strike until the arm is nerved with greater strength. Friends may chide our want of valour as sinful, and a suffering world may call loudly for our help—but our wisdom is to wait. Better a prospective and final victory, than a present and, perhaps, irrecoverable defeat. The time to *learn* is before the time to *fight.*"

In his deep consciousness of sin and infirmity, Whitmore sought to regulate his steps according to the holy precepts of the Bible. He knew that all true sanctification was through a knowledge and experience of '*the truth as it is in Jesus.*' His way as a young man was remarkably pure, because he '*took heed thereto, according to God's word.*' The indulgences peculiar to many young men—wine-drinking—revellings—smoking—practical jokes—frivolous conversation—levity of manners—were as foreign to his natural and

refined taste, as they were opposed to his holy and beautiful religion. The Bible was the constant man of his counsel, the light that gleamed from its sacred page guided his youthful path. He read it often critically, and with prayer, was a firm believer in its plenary inspiration, and in all matters of religious faith and practice, bowed with the profoundest reverence to its Divine authority, and considered its decisions paramount and ultimate. The pocket Bible presented to him by his mother, on his birth-day, accompanied by the apostolical exhortation traced upon its fly-leaf, '*Now, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus,*' was his daily companion to the close of life; and its numerous underlinings indicate the care and judgment with which its sacred contents were studied. He thus refers to this subject:—

"*August 18th.*—What a difference there is in the way we read the Bible—taking it up sometimes as a matter of form and duty, perusing some of its most precious truths, and laying it down again without sensible benefit. There can be no mistake as to where the fault lies; a cold or worldly heart, an eye covered with the film of sensuous objects, are the real causes. At other times we rush to our Bibles as to a loved but neglected friend, yet one from whom we know we can derive

pleasure and benefit; we open it with eagerness scarcely to be described, and the first and most simple truth we light upon, fills our delighted soul with inexpressible joy."

During this his first vacation, he again set out on a short tour upon the Continent, accompanying the Christian friend to whom reference has already been made. In the society of one possessing so much congeniality of mind and feeling, and with new scenes and objects of interest unfolding to his eye, this little foreign travel formed one of the sunniest periods of his brief life. Its recollections, supplied by his friend, fully sustain all that might have been expected from his refined taste and Christian principles. Everywhere he was the witness for God, and a 'living epistle of Christ,' never concealing his discipleship, nor shrinking from a fearless yet gentle vindication of the truth. His was pre-eminently the '*meekness of wisdom.*' "There are, to me," says the companion of his travel, writing from Dublin, "many delightful reminiscences of the time we were together on the Continent. He never was ashamed to own whose he was, and when, too, it seemed to draw down upon him the smile of those who cared not for such things. His whole soul seemed

moved within him as he tried to be of use to a young man with whom he became acquainted at Bieberich. They had been walking together when Mr. —— opened his mind to Whitmore. The last night we were at Bieberich was occupied by him in writing to Mr. ——, who promised to correspond with him on his return to England. Very dear was Whitmore *here*. The Sabbath-school mourns for him still. On thinking over what he was, his character appears to me like some lovely model, chiselled in such beautiful proportions that it is not easy to say what most strikes the eye—all was harmony and symmetry."

The records of Continental travel have become so familiar that we hardly feel justified in expanding these memorials by an extended notice of the present one. One or two letters, and a few jottings from his rapidly sketched journal, will serve to give the reader a general idea of his impressions of foreign travel, and sustain the thread of our narrative. It will be seen that his prevailing tone of piety was in the ascendant; that whether he gazed upon art or nature, he contemplated each object and scene with a *Christian's* eye—an eye, alas! so soon to close upon all earth's beauty, and to open upon the wonders and glories of heaven.

"*Ostend, Wednesday.*

"My DEAR PAPA,—We arrived here this morning about seven o'clock, after a rather rough passage; and though it was certainly not over pleasant, we were neither of us very much troubled with our old enemy. It was a splendid moonlight night, and I stayed upon deck a long time, enjoying it, flattering myself that I had for once conquered old Neptune. As soon as we got here, which was much later than we ought to have done—for, it being low tide, we had to come on shore in a small boat—we repaired to the Ship Hotel, and refreshed ourselves. I then went to the Custom-house, to see after our luggage, which I got without the least trouble. The man who examined our passport was the first to test my French. He inquired, 'Est-elle votre mère?' I smiled at his ignorance of what our English word 'Miss' implied. I said she was 'mon amie;' at which he expressed himself satisfied, though I thought a little suspicious smile lurked on his countenance. Ostend is rather a pretty place, quite in the Flemish style, and resembling Leamington in its cleanly appearance. There is beautiful sea-bathing, and an elevated rampart, where you can walk and enjoy the sea-breezes for a long distance. The ladies, after bathing, stroll up here without their bonnets, their hair flowing loosely behind; but it looks tasteful and pretty. We leave here for Ghent, where we shall stop a few hours, and then go on to Brussels to-night, where I hope to find a letter telling me how grandma is. With love to all,

"Your affectionate Son,

"WHITMORE."

"*Brussels, Rue Petit Sablon.*

"DEAREST MAMMA,—I have not had an opportunity of writing before, and did not think it was necessary, as I informed you of our safe passage across the Channel. I have since been on a perpetual move, quite adverse for letter writing. I have commenced a journal nevertheless, so that all the interesting minutiæ of our tour you shall have on my return home. I am rather proud of having made my way through five foreign cities with the aid of my little French, without the least difficulty, and to have obtained a considerable amount of information, and some new ideas. Our little trip to Paris with papa and aunty was very delightful, but we saw more of ourselves than of the people we went to visit, and did not derive one-half the benefit we might have done. This time, however, having to speak for myself and Miss C——, and to find out everything we wished to know and see from others, I hope to do better. Even now I am perfectly bewildered with the thousand things we have seen, for we have travelled far too rapidly, though at the end of our first week we are only at Brussels. If Miss R—— is at Leamington, tell her that Ghent fully came up to her enthusiastic description. We visited the cathedral, the nunnery, and the chapel, where the nuns, all in white, were at service. We passed the most splendid structure of the kind I ever saw, viz., the 'Town Hall,' as our English 'commissionaire' called it. It combines on one side Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian architecture in three tiers of pillars; but the most splendid part is the Gothic side, complete in itself. The whole structure seemed to look down upon you in

conscious magnificence. The cathedral, too, has some splendid sculpture. You would be amused at the effect it all has upon Miss C——. Inwardly I am sure she enjoys it, as she tells me afterwards; but she glides about timidly approaching this object and that, and cautiously putting her head into the various chapels of the cathedral, as if a priest were going to pounce upon her. And the feeling is natural, for the whole thing is intended to inspire you with awe and reverence; and if it has such an effect on an intelligent and Christian Protestant, it can easily be imagined how these poor ignorant Continentals are beguiled. We do not know what Popery really is in England. We imagine it to be something repulsive, and cannot conceive how people can be deceived by it. But once to witness it as it really is, with its gorgeous paraphernalia, you are admitted to the secret of its power. No system could possibly have been invented more captivating to the senses, or better adapted to the natural heart. It allows its devotee free scope to sin, while covering him with a cloak of religion. Antwerp and Brussels have some splendid churches and exquisite paintings. At the former place I saw the grandest picture in the world: 'The Descent from the Cross,' by Rubens. Christ is the subject of most of the paintings and sculptures you see in the various churches and cathedrals, and everything reminds you of the glories of the Bible; yet how strange is the mixture of superstition! I saw a beautiful sculpture of Christ with the crown of thorns, His head bowed with grief,—it affected me to tears. Also a beautiful painting in one of the windows, of David, the sweet

Psalmist of Israel, singing with his whole soul, 'In Thee, O Lord, is my salvation.'

"Your affectionate Son,

"WHITMORE."

A few pencillings from his journal will convey some idea of his impressions as he pursued his Continental travel. His observations, however, are chiefly confined to criticisms on the fine arts:—

"*Monday, Sept. 4th,* 1854.—Left Leamington in the morning under a most auspicious sky, having so settled an appearance as to promise the most delightful weather for our little trip on the Continent. Reached Paddington at eleven o'clock. I never yet entered London with exactly pleasurable emotions, but often the contrary. All is dark, stern, and terrible. It teems with life in its fullest intensity, and your impression is, that crime is its predominant element. Every countenance is viewed with suspicion; the very houses seem from their murky appearance to have been excavations from Tartarus; and it is only a nearer acquaintance that partially removes these unpleasant feelings, and in your intercourse with individuals enables you to see that you are amongst a common brotherhood, and the oppressive atmosphere around you may be the effect of the weight of greatness and sublimity as much as the presence of crime.

"Drove through this huge city at night when brilliantly illuminated; took our seats on the South-

Eastern Railway, and proceeded to Dover and Ostend. Ostend is finer than I anticipated. The sea-bathing is good, and the rampart which overhangs the shore is admirably fitted for a promenade, and for enjoying the sea-breeze, it being so much above the level of the sea. On our way to Ghent, spent a short time at Bruges, which enabled us to take a bird's-eye view of this city of deserted splendour. In our first feelings of independence we scorned the hungry crowd of 'commissionaires' that offered to conduct us, and forced our way alone to the Cathedral. It was closed, so we contented ourselves with gazing upon the outside, which certainly struck us as grand and imposing, perhaps from being the first Flemish church we had yet seen, as one we saw afterwards in the market was certainly better, I think the finest in the city, admirably situated and grand in height and construction. While we were looking at the cathedral, a little chagrined at not being able to see the interior, one of the officious knowledge vendors came up to tell us *that* was the Cathedral, a gratuitous piece of information, which rather annoyed us than otherwise, though it might have been meant as an introduction to something more interesting in detail. We then proceeded through some of the best parts of the city, and got an idea of the Flemish style of building, which is certainly very striking. Everything is quaint and cleanly, though the mighty minds and vast wealth which made it all evidently find no resemblance in the present inhabitants. Splendour amidst poverty was the impression it conveyed. The characteristic difference between an

English city or town and a foreign one appeared to me to be this—that in point of greatness the one is active and developing, the other passive and spent. The one is bursting from the fetters of superstitious reverence for beautiful but material objects, which has raised these splendid Continental cathedrals, and inspired their painters and sculptors; the other has but little else to show as its criterion of existence or as its claims to the attention and admiration of mankind. England is working in thought and action the ideal and the moral, finding its results in right and truth, peace and happiness, in the minds of sovereign and peasant. Continental Europe is living a life certainly of intensity, but it is full of darkness, error, and misery. In a word, Continental Europe is enslaved and England is free.

"After two hours' visit of the city we left by train for Ghent, and on producing our tickets found our luggage had safely arrived. After dinner, under the escort of a 'commissionaire,' we proceeded to explore the city. Our anticipations were most fully realized. It is utterly impossible to depict upon paper any idea of this interesting place. The pleasant recollections, I fear, are all that will bear a written description. Ghent is a more active and lively city than Bruges. As we drove through it we became more and more excited as each wondrous pile of buildings passed before us. The spirit of the past seemed to pervade every structure; the Moors and the Spaniards, though ceasing to exist, have left these monuments of their skill and their power, still testifying to their name and their long-lost greatness; and as you gaze at the fine old houses,

the splendid churches, with their massive but elegant steeples, and the gorgeous glory within faintly attempting to resemble the divine, your soul seems moved with a kindred sympathy, and you find a link connecting your mind with theirs, though yours is but the power to admire what they had the power to create. They evidently felt the superiority of their spiritual nature, and thought they could express it by material beauty; we have the same feeling, but take no pains to transmit it otherwise than by words; and as thought rises and holy emotions warm and well up, we spurn the cold and lifeless stone as too dull for our quickened feelings; and taking mind as our mould, pour into it the fused mass of glowing words and commanding actions, and find the result, not in additional life imparted to cold and inanimate objects, but to that noblest thing in man —the soul.

"We visited the church of St. Bavon, which contains nine splendid sculptures. One represents the first bishop of the place, being by far the finest, as it attempts to express more the man and less the drapery. The figures of the later bishops degenerate, from attempting the very reverse, veiling the man by the massive folds of the robe, to which, and the huge mitre upon their heads, the greatest prominence is given. The first bishop has his head uncovered, his hands well executed, and the veins sculptured with great beauty and accuracy. The pulpit of the church is the finest in Belgium, though it runs a very close race with the one in the cathedral of Brussels. St. Bavon is altogether a magnificent church, though to give the ratio between

them all in the various cities is exceedingly difficult, as all have something peculiarly their own in detail, though at the first glance they appear somewhat alike in the general outline. Our commissionaire pointed out an old castle, which had been inhabited by a count of Flanders in 874, but it is now used as a manufactory. But I think the most splendid building I ever saw was the Town Hall. The Gothic side of it—for it contains also Corinthian, Ionic, and Doric—is a series of pillars. This part of the building is complete in itself, and exquisitely beautiful. It has the minute and the grand, and certainly affected me more than any exterior of a building ever did. I may have to alter this assertion in the course of our journey, and I only hope it may be so, so far as it does not affect one's sanity. We also went to the nunnery, which of course belies the private nature of these institutions; and the very first nun I saw, so far from having forgotten the world and the creatures thereof, actually presented me with a smile and a flower, while another advanced to fasten it to my button-hole. We then went to the church of the convent, where service was going on. The appearance was imposing, but the music very indifferent. We then drove through all the principal streets, which were exceedingly striking, and saw all that was essential to be seen; and although it was impossible to study much, yet I think we obtained some idea of the character of the place, and could imagine the splendour which once adorned and animated the whole.

"Started early the next morning for Antwerp,

though the balance had been oscillating for some time between that and Brussels. Found the country very flat, as all Belgium appears to be, though it is certainly cultivated. I have discovered one of the reasons why railroad travelling is so much cheaper on the Continent than in England. The Continentals have nothing to do but to lay down the rails and build a few indifferent stations. No hills to level or to pierce; but few aqueducts to erect, and, above all, no such valuable property to purchase as is necessary to make a railroad in England; and competition, moreover, is impossible, as the government manage the whole affair. A contrast here occurred to me, illustrating the character of the two nations. Our stations, with all their appurtenances, are in a style certainly significant and typical of great national wealth; but here they are very inferior, and are erected in the least expensive manner. Their carriages, however, form an exception. The second-class are superior to ours, and much more comfortable, and the higher grades of the community do not object to travel in them. There is, then, this difference between us—we adore the useful, and they the beautiful; mammon is our idol, pleasure theirs; we love the simple, they the gorgeous.

"Having arrived at Antwerp we crossed the river, and while looking after our luggage were accosted by a man in English, who had recognised our nation, and politely furnished us with information. I suppose we are as unmistakeable on the Continent as a foreigner is in England; and with all our excellent French it is impossible to pass off for other than we are. I have

seen a great many quasi-French, with moustaches and low-crowned hats, but never failed to detect them. The Americans make very good Frenchmen, and I have often mistaken them until they began to speak. On reaching the station for Brussels we found our guide had followed in the same carriage with us, and proving to be a 'commissionaire,' engaged him for the day. Depositing our luggage at the station, we took a carriage and started to see the lions of Antwerp. The first object was the church of St. Jacques, which is very fine, and which contained some master-pieces of art, both in painting and sculpture. There was one piece that struck me, representing the Separation of Peter and Paul for their different apostolical missions, bearing this significant motto, 'In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum:' 'The sound of them has gone out through all the world.' It was painted by John Victor. Near this picture a sculptured figure of Christ attracted my attention, and fixed it for some time. It was really beautiful, and affected me much. There was also a representation of the Last Day, by Benar Ven Orlie, executed nearly four hundred years ago: the anatomy good, but the ideas confused, as is to be expected in such a speculative subject; but it was void of any feeling of solemnity. We then went to the church of St. Paul, where is a curious imitation of Calvary, made by the monks in 1500. There is an artificial ascent on the outside of the church, at the top of which is Christ on His Cross, with a red iron bar reaching down from His side to a pitcher in the hand of Mary, to represent His flowing blood. Beneath, in descending

grades, are eminent Scripture characters and Popish saints in strange commingling. St. Lazarus is represented not far from the cross, with a bishop's mitre on his head. On various mounds are Samuel, David, Isaiah, Moses, &c., very well carved, and all done by the monks. There is also the 'Sepulchre of Christ,' modelled after the one at Jerusalem, which had been seen by one of the monks who had formed this, and conceived the idea of the whole thing. The most remarkable object, however, is their representation of Purgatory. You descend into a sort of dungeon, and there appear the souls of all grades and professions undergoing torment by fire, and stretching out their hands to be released by kind friends above. This is the way Popery seeks to palm off fiction for truth, and so impresses the mind and works upon the passions of the people. There is a 'Scourging of Christ,' by Rubens. We then went to the Cathedral, which is very fine, but had been stripped of its wealth and most of its pictures by the French. There was a picture of Christ, with Father Erasmus and others sitting at his feet in the attitude of hearers, pondering the gracious words that fell from His lips—a romantic notion of the painter Frank, but certainly beautiful. He must have thought, 'From whom could they have obtained those wonderful truths that have created such a reformation amongst mankind but from Christ Himself?' and so gave actuality to his idea. The 'Last Supper,' by Otto Venius, the master of Rubens, is good. Rubens of course far surpasses him. 'The Resurrection of Lazarus,' also by Otto Venius, four hundred years ago, is striking.

There is the 'Marriage of the Virgin,' a robed priest officiating—such is the ridiculous way in which they obtrude themselves everywhere. When I put some questions to our guide upon these matters, he seemed to understand the absurdity, and said 'Oh, it is only the fancy of the painter!' A portrait of 'John the Baptist,' I presumed by an early artist, but I was informed that it was done by a more modern Italian painter, Leonardo da Vinci. There is also what our guide described as the finest modern picture in Europe—'The Disciples at Emmaus,' by Eorecus, a Belgian, and really fine. The table-cloth at the Supper, though an item, is exquisite in proportion and colour. There you see the advantage of a good modern picture over an ancient one, in the freshness, not too glowing or grand, but clear. At the entrance of the church is the *chef-d'œuvre* in the sculpture department of any I have yet seen, of 'Christ's Descent from the Cross,' a subject which never seems to tire or exhaust the skill of the sculptor or painter. In Antwerp we saw the house of Rubens, who seems the idol of the place; also, the dwelling in which Vandyke was born. I asked the guide how long the Spaniards, in the times of Charles V. &c., held the country? He replied, 'About two centuries. Ah! we belong to Spaniards, French, Dutch, everybody.' 'But now you belong to yourselves?' I said. 'Yes, now we have our nationality.' He spoke of the late queen, and how she was admired and loved by the people, and of her kindness to the poor. 'She was our idol, like your queen of England. When she died, it was a great grief to the Belgians.'

"He then conducted us to the Antwerp Museum, meaning a collection of paintings. I made notes of most of the best pictures, and the impression each gave me at the time. I am getting quite *au fait* at discriminating paintings, though I left knowing but little about them, and shall return quite a connoisseur. But the fact is, any one, not a thorough barbarian, can tell a good picture, if he but knows something of the reality and pathos of life; for it is only that which is unnatural that requires learned heads and mystic lore to detect its good qualities. To know a good picture and a good book requires very different capacities. To judge of the latter, you must know a thousand things to which that book constantly refers, besides being acquainted with the intricacies and versatility of language. To discriminate the former, you need only to have experienced pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, the depth and the beauty of love, and shall I add, its strange contrast, the horrors of hate; to have witnessed the woes and the misfortunes of sin, and the power and grandeur of goodness, and to have studied no language but that of the heart. This is your *data* for judging a painting, and more than enough to convince you that man's copy infinitely sinks beneath God's original. Art is first rude, and then, if ever, advances to perfection. Nature begins with perfection, but defies you to follow but her first steps, in her transcending flights beyond. But I must not allow the suggestive to take the place of the narrative.

"The picture of Rubens I just alluded to was the transfer of Christ from the cross to the tomb, and placed

in the centre of the second chamber of the Museum. I overlooked its beauty at the first glance, but, attracted by another picture near it, gave it a second inspection, and was riveted to the spot. I had seen so many of that particular subject, that it began to grow monotonous, but upon a closer study of this picture, perceived the truth of the remark I had somewhere met, that that man possesses real genius who can do in a masterly way what the generality do well. What I have seen yet of Rubens' style, it struck me that its beauties can only be detected by close study, and your pleasure heightens the deeper you scrutinise. Some pictures by a sort of glare and boldness attract you immediately, but you soon discern their inferiority. I do not mean to say that some of Rubens' like other masters, do not strike all at once; but I mean that he will bear and require study, and still one may fail to detect by what means the artist gave soul-like reality to his canvas.

"Almost satisfied with the beauties of painting, we went back to the Cathedral to see the *chef-d'œuvre* of Rubens, and the finest picture in the world—'The Descent from the Cross.' It passes description, and stands forth in proof to the world of the perfection to which art can arrive. Here it can go, but no further, unless it leaves its proper domain. The enchantment of the artist is that which the spectator experiences—the enchantment of beauty. We gazed upon it with eyes almost weary with the wonders we had seen; but here the flagging fire revived—mind, heart, and soul received fresh impulse. The time selected by the artist was the silent beauty of twilight, rather than the grandeur and terror of night.

The highest idea of the painter seems to have been to converge around the most mysterious event in the history of the world, not sublimity, or divinity, but tenderness and sorrow. He has failed to enshroud that lovely manhood with the glory His Godhead would conspire to give; for this his genius could never read, nor his spirituality grasp. But his mind conceived and his pencil has executed the most exquisite transcript of human prostration, sorrow, and beauty the world can afford. Around one painful centre are grouped, not angels or devils, but a few sad and lonely women: His mother standing in the background, and gazing up in silent sorrow; Martha, near, waiting to render some assistance; and Mary, supporting on her shoulder, most exquisitely formed, the stiff, cold, bleeding foot of her Saviour, not shuddering with fear, but gazing in His face with softened delight at the sad honour of assisting at the burial of her Lord. The cold heartless world, that lately cried for His blood, are all shut out, and the Saviour is left alone with His friends. The men who are lifting Him from the cross seem fearful lest their precious burden should fall. But beyond the most exquisite beauty which the artist has contrived to throw around the scene, he does not go. Rubens forgot he was depicting an event in which all the world was most deeply concerned. The mysteries of redemption could never here be learnt; the victory over death is forgotten in the terrible prostration; and the awful grandeur which the presence of Deity and the conflicts of the elements must have given to the scene, is totally lost sight of, in the evident desire of the artist to

portray human sorrow, grievance, and death, though in its most glorious representation. This picture and Milton's Paradise Lost both aim at depicting the two most transcending events, and are certainly two of the grandest attempts yet made. I consider Rubens to have come nearer to his subject than Milton, but both of them infinitely short. Milton's work is too full of heathen mythology, Rubens' of mere humanity. Others may think differently, and call each divine; but my own impression is, that the events themselves are far beyond our conception, and our conception, than any representation than man has yet made.

"Leaving this interesting city, we started for Brussels, and in two hours were comfortably ensconced in an English boarding-house. It seemed like home, to be again in English company. We remained here four days, seeing as much as possible; the first and foremost, of course, was Waterloo, then the Cathedral and the Museum. The latter is splendid, and too extensive for our thorough inspection. On Saturday morning we started with the Waterloo coach, and had a delightful drive. I sat beside a very agreeable American, but an inveterate smoker. He acknowledged that the habit was pernicious, but pleaded for it on the ground that the excitement of travelling required this agreeable sedative. We passed through the village of Waterloo some time before we reached the field, and saw the town where the Duke's head-quarters were."

Thus abruptly, while yet upon the threshold of his tour, we are compelled to close our extracts

from his journal. He had evidently postponed the task of transcribing from his rough notes until he could command more leisure; and as they cannot now be found, we are unable to give his impressions of Switzerland, or to trace his course homeward through Germany and down the Rhine.

The only passing allusion to Switzerland we can introduce, is contained in the following familiar letter addressed to his aunt.

"*Lausanne Hotel, Gillán, September 25th.*

"MY DEAR AUNTIE,—You would be amused if you saw me at this moment penning you a letter in the private boudoir of a strange lady at our hotel, of whom we know nothing beyond the name. But such is the perfection to which travelling on the Continent has arrived, that every one is your friend from peasant to prince. From being alone, we have made acquaintances at almost every place where we have stopped, and have invariably found them nice people. I met some pleasant young ladies at our hotel, with whom we afterwards travelled in the same Diligence to Renie, and as they had no gentleman protector, I did my best in that way, and they in return were most gracious to us. Suspecting from something dropped that we were rather short of money, though not the slightest hint was given, one of the party came to Miss C——, and offered her funds until we had received our letters at Lausanne. They knew nothing of us beyond our names, and I don't think even that, so

we had reason to be proud of such unsought confidence. We bade them good-bye as though we had met for years, and I have strong hopes of seeing them again, if not here, next at Chamouni. At present our travelling companions consist of a young, and an old gentlemen and lady, in whose boudoir I am writing this. We are at a *pension* close to Lausanne, but on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, and as we drove out last evening, beneath a beautiful moon, the whole scene was delightful. A mist, however, rendered the Alps somewhat indistinct, and there was some difference of opinion between the old gentleman and myself as to which was Mont Blanc. It was useless, however, to shed tears, as the distance at present is so great that an obscure glimpse is all you can get of the monarch of mountains. We found an order on the bank awaiting us here. We go to-morrow or next day to Chamouni by way of Geneva, steaming down the lake, which will be charming, as the weather is fine, and not so warm as in the middle of summer. I wish some of you were here to enjoy the beauties of Switzerland. I do not think Pa saw one-half. By the merest chance we stayed a night at Friberg. We heard such music as you could scarcely conceive of from the grandest organ in the world. We wended our way to the Cathedral at about dusk. A dim light which hung near the altar gave the church the appearance of some mysterious, unearthly place. There were only about twenty of us present, and all English. Amid the silence, which one seemed afraid to break, a soft note was touched, then another, and another, till the deep tones rolled out like thunder, and you were almost overpowered. It ceased, and you heard nothing, but the softest

chord, so exquisitely fine that every nerve was stretched to catch the sound. It was one of the old hymns I had often heard, but the question suggested itself, 'What is it that makes the difference?' He played 'God save the Queen,' with numberless variations; and, 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' as a compliment to the English. A piece called 'Thunder,' played by a German, was really astounding; it was wonderful how human fingers could produce it. When we returned, Miss C—— said, 'Well, this is worth coming all the way from England to hear, if we heard or saw nothing else.' It is a strange and romantic city, and we were sorry to leave it.

"Your affectionate nephew,

"J. WHITMORE WINSLOW."

Through the good hand of God upon him he returned to us, charmed and instructed by all that he had seen and felt—his Christianity and his Protestantism confirmed, rather than shaken, by a closer acquaintance with the infidelity and popery with which he had been so constantly confronted abroad. The portrait which forms the frontispiece of this volume is copied from a photographic sketch taken in the course of this little tour.

## CHAPTER IV.

**The Divine Glory in concealing—Second year at Trinity—Letters to his cousins—Journal—Influence of the Scriptures—Prayer and Study—Examples: Watts, Milton, Bacon, Johnson, Payson, Whitmore Winslow- Honours in Logic—"Dublin University Prayer Union"—Appeal for missionaries—Henry Martyn—"Undergraduates' Philosophical Society"—Service in Wicklow mountains—His views of dancing—Sympathy with students—Rev. Charles Simeon—Sermon to young men—Rev. John Gregg's class—Close of Journal.**

It has been remarked that it is difficult to say whether the glory of God appears more in what He displays or in what He conceals of His operations and designs. Perhaps, with our present limited knowledge, it would be impossible to speak with exactness; but of this we may be assured, that, whatever He does is worthy of Himself—that, whether the moving pillar that guides our journeyings turns to us a bright or a cloudy aspect, it is conducting us truly and safely onward, and will certainly bring us to our Father's house—the heavenly Canaan of our eternal rest. Were the personal experiences of God's people compared, it would, perhaps, be found that it was neither day nor night, but the skilful and harmonious blending

of light and shade—the combination of discovery and concealment—which traced each path along which a covenant God was leading them. And yet, how often are we compelled to pause in our journey and exclaim—not in rebellion, but in awful astonishment,—"*Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself!*" Profoundly indebted as we are to the love of God for His revelations, not less so are we for His concealments. It is His glory and it is our happiness that He often veils from us the thing that He is about to do. It is thus that we are led to thread our way through the maze of life, in the constant exercise of a child-like faith in God; and it is thus, moreover, that impressions of the Divine excellence are made upon the mind the most vivid and profound. Oh yes, it is the glory of God—and His goodness is His glory—to conceal His purposes and ways; and it was thus darkly, yet graciously, He was now guiding the footsteps of His young servant!

In November, 1854, Whitmore Winslow entered upon his second and last year at Trinity. The place in his rooms, rendered vacant by the removal of his cousin to Cambridge, was occupied by a gentleman admirably fitted by piety, intelligence, and taste, to inspire his friendship, and to participate in his studies. The freshness and earnestness

with which he girded himself for a new course of reading, and the devotional tone of mind which blended with his intellectual pursuits, will be gathered from his own pen. To his cousin, a student of Caius College, Cambridge, he writes:—

"*Trinity College, Dublin.*

"MY DEAR HENRY,—Here I am in my old abode once more, and everything hitherto has been of the most agreeable character, and my only wish is that you and Stephen were with me. I think you will regret leaving, and another year's trial would materially have altered your views. K—— and C—— expressed themselves very sorry that you had not returned, the latter especially. They and S—— spent the evening with me yesterday, and seemed very pleased to meet and talk over their different adventures during the vacation. It was only yesterday that I got into my rooms, and K—— will not be in until Tuesday. I think we shall get on well together. We have laid out extensive plans for mutual improvement, of which, if but the half be realized, we shall do amazingly well. He proposed reading the Bible through, and composing a sermon once a month, going in for Catecheticals, brushing up Mathematics, and a host of other equally admirable propositions. Breakfasting punctually at eight o'clock he has pinned me down to, and I, more than meeting him half way, insist upon his calling me at six o'clock. So much for the future. It is nice to meet old faces again, and I feel quite at home. Nobody seems to have gone into the examination. One has been on

the Continent, like myself; another has been enjoying himself at home; a third, upon reflection, thought it was foolish to kill himself with reading; a fourth was ill, &c. You know C—— began to read six months in advance for this October examination. Well, he only arrived a few days ago, and said he had been shooting with some Oxford men, and had given the thing up entirely. K—— has been so agreeably occupied that he never dreamt of anything of the kind. However, we are all the better for the recreation we have had, and will go to work with all the more energy. W—— has just passed a fifth Senior Moderator in Ethics, which was very good, and I think better than he expected.

. . . . . With love to all,

"I am, your affectionate Cousin,

"WHITMORE."

"*Trinity College, Dublin, Nov.* 19.

"MY DEAR H——,—As you have so promptly and kindly sympathised with my success in the Honour examination, I am equally happy to be able to congratulate you on dating your letter from Cambridge. We are now in the same race again, and though, I am sorry to say, not running side by side, may we meet at the same goal, and be the happier and the wiser for the course we have taken. If we continue in the same principles with which we started, and look up for the *one* blessing that can alone make our studies successful and beneficial, we have every reason to expect it. You remember our first night at Dublin, when we occupied the same room in our kind friend, Miss C.'s house, how

we thought and talked of the future; and what winning and alluring pictures we conjured up in our minds of all that was as yet a dream. How we wondered at the fortunes of our family, and whether we should add our name to theirs in, perhaps, a yet higher and nobler path of virtue and fame! How we desired to educate our nature in heart and intellect, and throw off everything that would tend to degrade it! How we dwelt, in fond expectancy, on many a youthful hope of happiness, on many a cherished scheme that was to witness its fulfilment in ourselves! All this, and more, needs but a moment's thought to recall in vivid colours to our present consciousness. Let it spur us on to the still distant perspective. The present is our field of action, and God will not suffer us to toil in vain if we but toil aright. Men tell us that the hopes of youth are vain. They wrong us. If *they* are vain, it is that *we* are foolish. With a firm virtue and God's blessing, every true cause will bring its true result. I have often wished for your society, to unburden thought as we used sometimes to do. . . . . I had a close run myself to get into the 'classed,' having given the most of my time of course to Logics, and it certainly was hard work to do both. But success in Honours was all that I wanted, and, through God's blessing, I did better than ever I expected. I have been taking long walks lately towards Killiney and Bray. I expect you will not find the country round Cambridge so inviting. I shall be glad to hear from you when you have time.

"Your affectionate Cousin,

"WHITMORE WINSLOW."

To another of his cousins he writes:—

"*Trinity College, Dublin.*

"MY DEAR O——,—P—— writes me that I have been so negligent as to have incurred the debt of a letter to you; but as I am totally ignorant of the fact, I hope an immediate acknowledgment of the same will make up for so long standing through unwitting deficiency. You will see that I am once more shut up within the cloisters of Trinity, though wanting the pleasant companionship of those that cheered our last year's residence here. I hope, however, it will be for their best, though I have my fears on the subject. From all that I have heard of Cambridge life, they will find difficulties and temptations there that they would not find at Dublin.

"I dare say you heard of my going off to the Continent this summer, in company with Miss C——. I greatly enjoyed it, and hope, in some things, derived material benefit. The excitement of travelling, strange scenes and people, and the multifarious objects that crowded upon the mind, seemed to give new vigour and buoyancy to our spirits, and suggested notions of men and things which no book could inspire or describe. It might be injurious or dissipating if prolonged, but otherwise not. A great deal depends upon the companions you are with, and the society you meet. As to the latter, we could not have been more fortunate, and I shall always regard one of the chief charms of travelling to be the number of delightful people you are thrown among, whom you might never come across in England. They throw off all the unnatural reserve

that generally clings to them at home, and every one is as much your friend as if you had known him for years. Of all five nations that I have seen, I would say, give me the English, though I believe there is much in which we might take lessons from them. One thing that struck me was the universal good-will manifested by all classes to one another. There is little of the class demarcation that we have. It appears to me that the result was a greater politeness of manner and warmer feeling amongst the peasantry. Switzerland at once pleased and disappointed me, partially because I had formed too lofty a conception. I heard a curious remark from a gentleman at Chamouni, alluding to the feeling which some entertain, 'That it was like being awoke from a delicious dream by a dustman's bell;' adding that 'things in Switzerland are like things everywhere else,—you must not go too near them.' I did not, however, quite agree with him in this. Some particular spots and circumstances have riveted themselves upon my memory, and I look back upon them with indescribable delight. . . . .

"Your affectionate Cousin,

"WHITMORE."

Amidst other and more secular studies, the elevating subject of Prophecy had not escaped his thoughts. He alludes to this in a letter addressed to one of his cousins, with whom he proposes an epistolary discussion of the subject.

"I heartily concur in your proposition for discussing between us the subject of Prophecy, a subject which for some time has been deeply interesting to me. But we should enter upon it with a deep sense of our inability, and of the many difficulties connected with it, and I think, by prayerful study and meditation, we may find much clear and practical truth, beneficial in a spiritual point of view. And this we should always aim at with regard to study, so constantly does the spirit flag and grow weary, and what is more, become blunt through too great a contact with worldly and secular things. Some object to the study of Prophecy as being unprofitable, as leading to absurd and flighty notions, and as being presumptuous. Sir Isaac Newton says with regard to unfulfilled prophecy, that it is not intended for fore-interpretation, but for after-illustration. He shows it by analogy with the prophecies of Christ, that they were never understood in the detail, but always interpreted wrongly; that nothing but their fulfilment was the key that unlocked them, and that so it will be with all that is now unfulfilled. I admit there is some reason in this, and yet I am so bold as to differ from the great man, and I do so on scriptural grounds. See Luke xxiv. 13—26. Christ, in these passages, clearly upbraids the Jews and his disciples with their want of perception with regard to the prophecies concerning Himself. '*O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!*' Now I think this shows that they might have made better use of prophecy, and thus have come nearer the truth than they did, terribly mysterious as it was. And, surely, if

it was possible with them, and they for their ignorance were upbraided by Christ Himself, we, having immensely superior advantages in eliciting truth and in unravelling prophecy, ought to arrive at some result, and are justified, nay, urged upon to do so. '*Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy.*'

"Besides, the delightful character of the study is, that it is Christ all through. He is its object and subject. '*To Him give all the prophets witness.*' '*The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.*' This first chapter of Revelation embodies volumes of spiritual truth, and much subject for ample discussion. The mysteries throughout the whole book are awful and sublime. They centre around the head of Christ like clouds, dark and ominous, waiting but the moment when they will burst forth upon an astonished and guilty world, scattering desolation and judgment, but reflecting upon Him increased magnificence and glory. The Revelation is indeed sublime—some of its passages unequalled; and if we can only between us unravel some of its mysteries by the help of God's Spirit, it will be gratifying. At all events the attempt will be beneficial; it will give a greater acquaintance with Scripture, and exercise our critical and analytical powers as well as those of composition.

"The first verse shows that these things '*must shortly come to pass.*' Now must we take this literally, and infer that none of these events did actually take place some little time after their prediction, or what ratio of time are we to apply? Does it mean some hundreds of years? If so, we may be as far off from their fulfilment as John

was from our time. Some argue that if the time was near at hand then, it must be nearer now. Exactly so, but at that proportion we may be some hundreds of years from the end yet. I am inclined to think, if we take this literally, it favours the idea of the part fulfilment of at least some of the predictions in Revelation, which is the opinion of certain divines. But I hope we shall elucidate this in our further discussion of the subject. The word ἄγγελος is used to express so many different things, that we must depend entirely upon the context and collateral evidence for its meaning whenever used. For my part, I consider Τῷ ἀγγελῳ τῆς ἐν Ἐφέσῳ (chapter ii.) to mean the messenger or minister of the Church at Ephesus, which idea appears to be carried all through. Certainly this second chapter is against its meaning the Holy Spirit, because not only his work and labour are commended, but he is upbraided for degeneracy: verse 4. So that I consider our idea of Minister to be meant, and that through him the Churches were to be warned and encouraged. . . . .

"There is much greater difficulty to determine the 'seven spirits before the throne.' By parallel passages, I hardly think they mean the Holy Spirit. Chapter iv. 5: '*Seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven spirits of God.*' The word 'seven' implies perfection, or accomplishment; as when God employed six days for the work of creation, and concluded or perfected it by the seventh. But I always took the 'Spirit of God' to be a distinct and indivisible person. Now 'seven' implies completeness, but not indivisibility, unless the 'seven spirits' are the seven

attributes of the 'One Spirit,' of which the Comforter may be one. This may be a novel idea of mine, but unless some such explanation be given, I should hesitate to ascribe it to the Holy Ghost. We know that He strives with men, and in various ways. Zech. iv. 10: '*Those seven, they are the eyes of the Lord, which move to and fro through the whole earth.*' This may be another of the attributes. Their position before the throne for the purpose of worship or communion with God may be another. If so, I should be inclined to think it was the Holy Spirit spoken of in verse 4, from the connection with God and Christ; and we generally read of the grace of God and Christ in conjunction with that of the Holy Spirit. But what means the order? The position is unusual. The Spirit as proceeding from the Father and the Son is generally placed last in the Trinity, but here it would be before Christ. Observe, in contradistinction, how plain and unmistakeable are the attributes of God and of Christ. What a beautiful idea, '*the first and the last!*'—the substance of all true religion, and yet so sadly lost sight of in the various creeds and professions extant in this world. When the great and last day arrives, the universe will behold in all its naked sublimity this truth, to us so glorious, to them so awful. After all, I have only touched upon the threshold of this first chapter, but time for the present will permit no more."

We recur again to his journal, which appears to assume rather a new phase, containing less reference to the spiritual than the intellectual

workings of his mind. Thoughts, rather than feelings, would seem to trace its pages.

"*Dublin, December*, 1854.—Psa. cxxxix. Elevated in spirit by the perusal of this beautiful Psalm. When the soul retires within itself, and is absorbed in thoughts of God, then alone it receives pure happiness, and scorns with the most holy abomination all that is around it of earth. What a proof of the immortality of the soul, and of its adaptedness and destiny for heaven! When from this communion of spirit it comes back into the world—what emptiness and vanity! How many enigmas that have puzzled philosophers for ages are solved in a moment, though this appears the most insolvable, that men can live without God. How is it that I live so constantly without Him? That those with whom I daily associate appear to live so much without Him? It is indeed a mystery, while the soul enjoys for a time purity and happiness in communion with God; but when relapsing again into worldly and sinful habits, the wonder ceases when the cause, the radical cause, is so apparent. Thus does communion with God reverse our modes of thinking, rendering clearer than light the most mysterious dogmas of theology, and explaining this, so little wondered at, more mysterious than all,—that man can live without God!

"*23rd.*—Reason and conscience may, indeed, convince us of the being of God, as they did the ancients, but oh, what a cold abstraction! I turn from it and embrace Him with love as mine in the dearest and

tenderest of relations, and then—sweet moment!—I distance all idea in actuality."

"*Trinity College, Dublin, Feb. 1st,* 1855.—I verily believe that man is often conscious, yea, deeply conscious, of truth, when he avows either ignorance or unbelief. He starts an inquiry with the hope of answering it by reason and argument, when, did he but consult his own heart, he would find the answer there. He searches and delves deep into externals, and ends in becoming more awfully mystified than before, simply because he imagines he cannot be convinced that this thing is, until he dicovers the reason why. He forgets that the only reason for anything is derived from himself, and that he could gather no law from without, could he gather no law from within. Consciousness is that power of knowing which God has given to us, tests everything, and no test but that can give a man peace. Let him then study himself—not any particular part, but his entire self; and I am very much mistaken if that study will not necessitate his knowledge of a God, and in the end lead him to a Saviour, who, breathing in him His love, will quell all his fears and remove all his mysterious doubts."

"Men either mould their circumstances to their own will, or allow their circumstances to mould them. So that it is not true to say that a man is wholly a child of circumstance. We do, indeed, see that most men are moulded by circumstances; but the reason of this is, they allow themselves so to be, which act, or course of action, resolves itself into a passive or active exercise of the will. For since we see that men, possessing the

same external advantages, and under the same external circumstances, make a very different use of them, and so become different men in character, we argue that it is from the presence or absence of power in themselves. A man is only so far as he makes himself, or allows himself to be made; if he give himself up a passive instrument in the hand of time and circumstance, he alone is to blame for the miserable result that will follow; but if he determine to mould himself, and make time and circumstances his instruments, he will find the struggle and the toil to be severe indeed; but happiness the result, for 'Heaven will aid the man that aids Himself.'"

"*March 17th.*—'*Be not wise in thine own eyes.*' (Prov. iii. 7.) Educate the *heart* as well as the mind, and thou wilt learn to despise no one. Comparative excellence will then appear as far different from real excellence as earth from heaven. The more thou dost contemplate the highest, the difference between thyself and others will appear the more vivid.

"*21st.*—'*Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker?*' (Job iv. 17.) The deep and, I believe, wilful ignorance of man with regard to himself is in nothing more apparent than his constant effort of self-justification. He throws a gloss over all his errors and lays them to the account of necessity or law; and though he dare not outwardly charge them to the misgovernment of God, he secretly cherishes the hard thought within. He doubts and questions, and at last despairs. He sees sin hurrying

him on to destruction, ruin staring him in the face, and charges it all on God. He carries within him a heart hard, impenetrable, presenting a brazen front to the gentle influence of love. He cannot see that his own choice or his own neglect has brought him to a condition in which, perhaps, he really has no power, no will, no desire to avert his ruin. Can there be a time in the history of a man in which it may be said, 'God has left him?' Is there a point beyond which there is no hope? I believe it! Yet, '*shall mortal man be more just than God?*'"

"*26th.*—'*Sleep on — behold, the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners!*' Alas! what a world! One sees not its spirit until one mingles with it. The internal world may have occupied our thoughts; the active presence of sin there may have called forth conflict, and, as a consequence, engendered sorrow, if not despair. But when we are forced by circumstances to 'leave the inner man,' and mingle with the outer world, to witness and feel its spirit and conduct, we return with the whole head and the whole heart faint. We charge it often to a fault in ourselves, something radically wrong, a subtle poison that taints everything we touch. Is it so? It may be, but God forbid that it should always be so. No, it is not this, nor is it self-esteem; but it is a silent, secret, and scarcely perceived assimilation of the soul to the likeness of God; and it is this that makes the world distasteful. Oh, happy man that finds it so from this cause, not from having run the round of its gaieties and found their emptiness—not from the disquiet of satiety—but from the feeling that

God fills the soul, absorbs the intellect and the affections! This, and this alone, is happiness. Thou hast a grasp upon infinity, thy boundless desires have found a boundless Being, and thou art satisfied."

"*April 2nd*, 1855. *T. C. D.*—'There is no logic in love,' says a modern writer. Equally I believe is reason out of place in the attempt to know God: that is, to know Him for oneself, know Him consciously. His existence I cannot doubt, for His works are all around me. For my own mechanism I can find no other originator, for the continued miracle of its maintenance I know no other supporter—all this my reason tells me; it is the acknowledgment of a universal fact, the argument of a cause to an ever-present effect. But when I feel that God pervades my soul; when my mind, heart, body, debate for some few minutes, it may be, with His love; when I am most blissfully conscious of the Divinity to such a degree that, could I stamp eternity upon these five or ten minutes, it would be heaven, reason appears like a child, forgotten or absorbed in manhood. Oh that it could be always so! Would that I could constantly feel as I now feel!—but this is impossible, for earth can never contain heaven. These little glimpses are to strengthen faith, confirm hope, showing us that we are in the wake of blissful *realities*, and not '*following cunningly devised fables.*'

"*10th.*—Ambition's height—the Christian's desire is not simply to be man-like, but God-like.

"*11th.*—What is to check the tremendous tendency of man downward? Let the spirit be ever so aspiring,

lofty, pure, there is dogging it at every step a foe that would crush it. It gravitates to earth, and earth to hell —alas, alas!

"'*Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good repute, think on these things,*' or, as in the Greek, '*esteem these things.*' Concentrate into your being all the beauty and wisdom you can gather from the realms of nature, and of thought and *act it out;* if you make it a part of yourself, insinuating it into all your modes and feelings, you *must* act it out almost involuntarily, only be careful thoroughly to analyse, digest, absorb it. Keep it constantly around and within you, for it is the only gold worth keeping. Burnish it continually, for while you are continually adding to our stock suffer not any to become tarnished with rust. Oh, to be ruled by the lovely, the lovable, the pure, the holy, the wise!—it is the only thing that can keep the soul calm amidst surrounding confusion, untainted amidst a world of pollution."

"*April 24th.*—Upon what known principles can we expect at death a similar transformation of dissimilar and unequal minds? Will not character as it is moulded here correspond with its state hereafter? Will the man who has known heaven on earth in no respect differ from the man who lived all his life in ignorance of God, but who, by the intervention of His grace, was saved at the eleventh hour? Will the latter enter at once upon equal knowledge, equal experience, equal happiness with the former? Will neither preserve their distinct individuality, so that both shall reap the fruit

of his life on earth? Or are we to suppose that two exactly opposite courses of life shall obtain the same result? Is it natural, or does God's word warrant us to expect such a thing? Would it not write folly upon the Christian's efforts after holiness, and his terrible conflicts with evil, and place in the most dangerous light the life of the man who has given the reins to every passion and form of sin, and yet arrived at the same pinnacle of glory? Would this be to '*render unto every man according to his deeds?*' No, I believe the vast superiority of a life of godliness and faith will only be fully known and experienced in eternity."

"*June* 10*th.*—How much of the *animus* of men may be gathered from a single thought casually uttered! When repeated in such a manner as to show that that thought was but one of a train, it is astonishing how different the conclusion one draws from what men intend. Above all, the tone may convey a meaning which words fail to conceal. In fact, it is hard to be charitable in spite of oneself; to believe a man honest and sincere, or rather, desiring to know the truth, when the unwelcome conviction rushes unbidden upon your mind that beneath the surface all is dark and rank. Oh, the cold shudder that creeps over the spirit when one sees an individual apparently seeking medicine for his soul, kicking against God, because he finds sin and misery in himself and the world; rushing to despair, cherishing the hard and cruel thought that God made him a sinner and left him lost and hopeless! O God! forgive, forgive! and send out Thy light and Thy truth upon a dark and sinful world."

"14*th.*—I find no corrective to languor of spirit or cepticism of mind like a perusal of the Bible and the xercise of prayer. This alone makes a man humble nd exalts his views of God. All other studies which, more or less imparting acuteness to the intellect, and purifying it from much of the dross that association and prejudice always links with every kind of knowledge, still leave a man *but a man*, starting from himself, and ranging the universe, and finding his landing where he set out—his own particular self. This does not satisfy the boundless desires of the soul. To be happy—fixedly happy—it must bathe in deeper streams than those of earth—affiliation with God through His Son—warmth of love, personal, yet pure and distinct from cold abstraction, are the healthiest nourishment of the soul. Men find this out with but a short experience of the world, and the further they go the further they prove it; and far and wide it reigns a general truth."

"19*th. T. C. D.*—Man is a being of moods—at times darkness, at times light. But did he only interrogate himself, and examine the characters of others, to mark when he or they see clearly, he would learn a history of truth which neither consideration nor argument nor instillation from books could so convincingly impart. He must observe in contrast the period of darkness, and study accurately its causes. But if my experience in psychology goes for anything, a man will never know that he has been in darkness until he sees the light. Coming to the light, which is Christ, he seeth his deeds to be evil. Then a reflex ray thrown

back upon the gloom he has left, he sees it to be utter blackness—but only then.

"Minds differ, experience differs; bnt when a man has hit upon a truth which seems to sweep away mountains of difficulty, leaving nothing to be levelled, he humbly believes it general. But let us see. Do you believe in 'universal sin'—that every one hath that which pollutes all that he thinks, says, or does? No, thy faith in mankind belies this; and if it be a truth, it is about the last truth learned. Your young years bask beneath a parent's smile, you think all is pure and true. As years advance suspicion lurks, yet 'tis long before thy dream is altogether dispelled. Trust in man still lingers. When thou enterest the world a man, a harsher story is told thee. Many deceive and injure thee, and seem to take delight in giving thee pain. It is a hard world, and thou learnest it soon enough—but still trust lingers. Thy intellect begins to work—it must have food. Men tell thee this and that, and thou believest. But when thou becomest sure, 'tis a curious change. Thou mayest have been told of God, His justice, His anger, His love; but when thou beginnest to learn by experience something more than names, thou seest thyself and mankind in a new position—blind, dark, lost. Sin and sorrow take hold of thee before thou hast scarcely learned their existence. If—ah, that sad word, implying so much that is wanting—if thou hast learned of God, learned to love and fear Him, before the world and Satan, thou wilt perceive thyself and all others to be apart from God. And this is the first grand lesson to be learned—the last with most men

—for I scarce believe an individual can know he is in darkness until he gets a glimpse of the light. I give it as the first axiom of psychology. If this be so—and I learn it more from revelation than from reason, more from fact than from discourse—then I must receive with caution and distrust the doctrines of men; I must vacate the sensible sphere of human knowledge, and enter the *spiritual*, or I am no better than the beasts that perish. God, and God alone, must be my oracle—my trust.

"It is the nature and delight of man to lean upon and entwine with something exterior to himself. The noblest virtue is the sacrifice of himself to some kindred being congenial with himself in feeling, or dependent upon him from circumstance. God has crowned His universe with an exhibition similar to this. He made man in His own image, and loved him for his congeniality. He saw his dependence — a dependence heightened by his fall—and sent His Son to accept and relieve that dependence. Hast thou not experienced, my soul, the happiness, the delirium, the ecstasy of this divine relation? Has it not warmed thy affections, enlarged thy intellect, and been to thee the inlet to all knowledge? Let me, then, beware of the thought that would call Him to account, that would measure thy young arm against His mighty power. A derived and dependent being, thou holdest all from Him.

"*T. C. D.*—Did you ever know *a* truth to exhaust *the* truth! Half-truths are all that men can teach us; and even He, the God-man, who proclaimed Himself '*The Truth*,' has left our curiosity unsatisfied in a thousand points. Pilate's question, even granting him the merit

of sincerity, was too large for a single and complete answer, and such that it appears to me to have received no direct answer at all. We are none of us worthy of full knowledge. Have we shown that we have so far profited by the light we have as to warrant an increase? We are fools all, blind and ignorant, else we would see that the more we use and diffuse the light we possess, more oil we should bring to the lamp. The flame that now but flickers would brighten, and brighten exactly in proportion to our cultured powers."

"*January 3rd*, 1856. *T. C. D.*—Who, but God Himself working in the mind by the Spirit, can teach men to separate objective truth—that which is handed from mouth to mouth, and from church to church, mingled with human opinions and the bias of individualities—from the pure genuine 'daylight,' as Bacon terms it—which He Himself imparts immediately to the soul? If the only evidence I could obtain for truth were that offered to me by the walk and talk of many of my fellow-men, I should stumble and fall into the ditch, the blind votary of a blind guide. But the light of truth and the life of truth is offered pure to my soul by God Himself—so pure at times, when spirit with spirit communes in secret moments, that its radiance dazzles and overpowers the human sense, dissolving its grossness as it were into a delicious fluid of spiritual warmth and vision.

"I put this into so many words, and it sounds to men like delirium. How can I show them the difference, and that it is compatible with what they call 'sober

truth?' That it is a reality and no delirium other moments prove to me when this clear vision is absent.

". . . . Does this destroy historical truth, historical Christianity, and leave a man no balance against the fancies of his own brain? This is a puerile fear. No historical Christianity in the world would move a man if it did not touch his soul. You might pile books upon books, and law upon law, as 'Alp on Alp,' and a man might run his head against them but to no purpose, if you could not show him, or rather, if he himself did not see that alone and beyond those books and those laws there reigned transcendent truth, invisible to the eye of sense, and incapable of being expressed but in a representative symbol. What is language, but the symbol of thought? What is history, but language? What is historical Christianity, but truth symbolized? God teaches a man in the use of this symbol to look beyond it and to hold communion with Himself. This it is which forms the safeguard of the Christian, amidst the varieties of human opinion. He who has Christ within him—who is actuated by a living principle, which seems to him his peculiar property—distinguishes real truth, real Christianity, from that which wears so many different faces amongst men. He stumbles not, though sometimes staggered, at its imperfections and contradictions as they are seen in actual operation. He distinguishes these from the clear, genuine principle as it exists, and must exist, apart from human infirmity. Ask me to account for all the sects and parties—high church, and low church, and no church—all boasting

themselves to be Christanity. How can I? Know you not that unless you bring with you the power of seeing you will never see? Unless you are willing to be a free man, and not a slave, you can never know the truth that maketh free. But with a willing, earnest, anxious spirit coming to none but God, you shall learn from Him by silent intercourse what no words or indoctrinated opinions of man can teach you. Then will you value your Bible, then will you study it aright, then will you see your character, your inmost thoughts, your daily life mirrored before you. Christ's wondrous words and wondrous life will stand out in all their beautiful proportions, and form for you a rule and model for life. Your old objections to the 'hard sayings' and contradictory doctrines will vanish; you will study, and compare, and search, because your end will be to clear and ventilate your ideas—separating the true from the false. This eye of the soul enlightening the mind, who but God can give?"

Blending prayer with his studies, we are prepared to find God aiding and prospering them. Intellectual and spiritual pursuits should never be separated. God in His economy has united them; and no man, without inflicting upon himself the most serious injury, can divorce them. It is of great moment to the student that he should get deeply fixed in his mind the idea of the dependence of the intellectual powers upon God. We do not exclude Him from the world of matter —for we ascribe to Him the motions and the

destiny of every atom—why should we banish Him from the higher realm of thought? The great secret of successful study, and, indeed, of all literary pursuit, is the felt conviction of our need of Divine aid and direction. We cannot doubt that He who made our minds has still access to them; that, with infinite ease He can direct their aspirations—embarrass or facilitate—impede or propel them, just as He please. This He can do without the suspension of a single law, or for a moment disturbing in the least degree the harmony of our mental powers. "Think with yourself," says a devout and deeply reflective writer, "how easily and how insensibly the Author of your being can, by one turn of thought, lead you into a large scene of useful ideas. He can teach you to lay hold on any clue which may guide your thoughts with safety and ease through all the difficulties of an intricate subject. He can direct your motions by His providence so that the glance of an eye, or a word striking the ear, or a sudden turn of the fancy, shall conduct you to a train of happy sentiments."* Let the conviction, then, be deeply felt that study cannot be separated from prayer without hazarding its success. If some men have risen to literary eminence without the aid of a

* Watts on the Mind.

devotional reliance upon God, how much higher a rank in the republic of letters might they have attained, and how much more useful to the world might have been their productions, had they united a prayerful with a studious mind! Milton, ere he composed his sublime epic, and Bacon, ere he wrote his "Novum Organum," and Johnson,* in girding himself for his gigantic literary tasks, sought the aid of that "Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whomsoever He pleases." It is recorded of the holy Payson, that he studied theology on his knees. "Much of his time," records his biographer, "he spent literally prostrated, with the Bible open before him, pleading the promise, '*I will send the Comforter. And when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.*'"

The influence of habitual prayer upon his studies

* After conceiving the plan of one of his celebrated works, he composed and offered up the following prayer:—"Almighty God, the Giver of all good things, without whose help all labour is ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly, grant, I beseech Thee, that in this my undertaking Thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I may promote Thy glory and the salvation both of myself and others. Grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

was so certain and so operative, that the strength of his devotion seems for the most part to have been the measure of his progress. By his very near approach to the "*Father of lights*," his mind received, as it were, the direct beams of the Eternal Fountain of illumination. In the light of these beams the truths of religion were distinctly perceived, and their relation readily traced. These irradiations from the throne of God not only contributed to the clearness of his perceptions, but imparted a kind of seraphic energy and quickness to his mental operations.

> "Learning has borne such fruit in other days
> On all her branches; piety has found
> Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
> Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews."

Whitmore Winslow's collegiate course was a constant and solemn recognition of this principle. Honouring God in child-like prayerful dependence upon His aid, God honoured him by conducting his studies to a successful and honourable result. Again he returned from the Examination Hall crowned with distinction. Of the men who went in for the Honour examination in Logics, 1856, he was classed second, attributing to a slight nervousness at the moment his not ranking first. In acknowledging our congratulations, he remarked

that, "to have made glad the heart, and to have won the approbation of his parents was a sufficient reward for all his toil." How true is God's word —"*The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice: and he that begetteth a wise child shall have joy of him. Thy father and thy mother shall be glad, and she that bare thee shall rejoice.*"

In his own success he found time to express a joyous sympathy with the like success of his relative. Writing to his cousin at Cambridge, he says:—

"*Trinity College, Dublin.*

"MY DEAR HENRY,—I have just received the *Times* from home, containing your name amongst the Honour Candidates, at which I am delighted, and proceed at once to offer my congratulations, in which K—— joins. We did not quite comprehend how far the 'little go,' which I presume is what you have gained, can determine the character of the degree in 1858. But we conclude it was some new arrangement, and that you would enlighten us more fully in due time, satisfied at present that all has gone for the best. . . . I shall only get my degree two or three months before you, so that I may, perhaps, peep at you at Cambridge after it is over, for I should like to see a little of *English* University life, as I fancy it is very different from the kind of thing here. We have very little of '*Esprit de corps*,'—nothing that binds the men together in a common bond. Every man

is independent to the last degree. It is convenient in many respects, but, perhaps, it has its disadvantages, in keeping men apart and unacquainted with one another. Since you and S—— left me alone in my glory, I have made more acquaintances among the men than before, and we have now a very pleasant choice of companions. I have also some excellent introductions to Dublin society, which makes me more in love with the place. In fact, I think polished society—that is, where there is a mixture of ladies—is necessary above all things to a College student. It takes off the stiffness of solitary habits, at least I find it so. You must let me know, when you have leisure, a few of the particulars of Cambridge life, and what your prospects in the distance are. I am at present reading for honours in May, and am looking forward to the pleasure of re-crossing the Channel again in June, having had rather a long year of it. With kind love to you and every wish for your future success,

"I am your affectionate Cousin,
"J. WHITMORE WINSLOW."

It is not often that, in the pursuits of University life, eminent spirituality of mind is found in close alliance with distinguished scholarship. We see no just reason why this should not be the case. Religion and Science are twin sisters,—why separate them? Happily, many noble exceptions exist in other universities as in that to which the subject of this memorial belonged. Such an

individual, though moving quietly and unobstrusively through his course, could not be lost amidst the many hundred students who crowded the halls of Trinity. The bright steady lustre of his holy life began noiselessly to diffuse itself; and those who felt a union in '*one Lord and in one faith*,' and who were looking forward to the sacred investiture of the Christian ministry as a common bond of sympathy, recognised him as a '*burning and a shining light, and were willing for a season to rejoice in his light.*'

An association entitled "The Dublin University Prayer Union," had been formed previous to his arrival, composed of many of the more spiritual and earnest men, graduates and undergraduates, drawn together for the cultivation of personal religion, for promoting social Christian fellowship, and for expressing a prayerful sympathy with those of their brethren who had quitted the University for distant fields of Christian labour. In its wider range of objects, it was designed to draw together the prayers of the pious students "for the success of the Missionary cause at home and abroad,"—thus forming a rallying-point for Evangelical missions. On each occasion of its meetings, twice a month, after reading the Scriptures, and prayer,

a paper is read by a previously appointed member on some topic connected with the Missionary enterprise, which forms the basis of a conversational interchange of feelings and sentiments on the subject.* Various prayers then follow, embracing as their specific topics of petition—The Church of Christ at home and abroad—a devoted Ministry—the Members of the 'Union'—personal piety, and any special objects that may claim the attention and sympathy of the brethren. As the first-fruits of this 'Union for prayer,' two of its members are now engaged in foreign labour; another is about embarking in the same noble enterprise for distant lands; and others, it is hoped, are contemplating a similar consecration of themselves to the work of Christian missions. Such is the fruit of united prayer!

Such an Association as this is admirably adapted to meet an existing and alarming necessity in the Church of God. It must be the intelligent and solemn conviction of many Christians that one of the most serious and pressing wants of the Church at the present moment is—MEN. God, in the wonder workings of His providence, is opening doors, wide and effectual, for the introduction of

* At one of these meetings Whitmore read a paper on the "London *City Mission.*"

the Gospel, until now almost hermetically sealed against the missionary. In view of these demands upon the increased zeal and labours of the Church, our various missionary organizations are contemplating a wider extension of their operations—seeking to strengthen positions already won from heathendom, and projecting new and yet wider invasions upon its far-spread and still-widening territory. They ask at the hands of the Church the *men* who shall become the almoners of their bounty. They demand the agents who may enter these new fields bearing the '*precious seed.*' In a word, they demand more Missionaries. But are they forthcoming? Who, from the candidates for the Christian ministry crowding our colleges, with ardent piety and glowing love and panting zeal, respond, "Here are we! send us?" Alas! the lamentation, as of old, still is, '*The harvest is great, but the labourers are few.*' But how is this necessity to be met? Let every College in our Universities have its "Union for Prayer." Let it form a rallying-point for those who feel that they are bought with a price, and are not their own. Let them weigh the claims of the heathen, ready to perish, upon their labours—the claims of Christ upon their talents—the claims of the Church of Christ upon their services, their love, their lives.

Let them challenge one another, and pledge themselves, each inquiring of his Divine Master, '*Lord, what wilt Thou have* ME *to do?*' Oh, for more sympathy for the perishing! Oh, for more love to Christ! Within the cloisters of his University, and while reading hard for his senior wranglership, Henry Martyn fed the flame of love, that bore him with Christ's Gospel to a heathen shore. Amidst classic toil and mathematical research, he nursed the fond hope of one day preaching the '*unsearchable riches of Christ*' to the far-off idolaters. At the doors of the Universities the same Lord and Master is knocking, and asking, '*Who will go for us?*'

Sympathising with every movement in the University designed to draw its members into closer intercourse, for the purpose of mutual advancement in religion and science, he consented to be enrolled a member of the 'Undergraduate Philosophical Society,' before which he read papers on "Napoleon," "Greece," and "The Elizabethan Age." It was during his last vacation, and while absent from Dublin, the Society did him the honour of electing him as its President. He did not survive, however, to avail himself of the distinction. The circumstance was feelingly alluded to, and in

appropriate terms, in the able introductory lecture of the gentleman who succeeded him to the office.

It was his privilege to make occasional excursions into the country, where he was frequently the guest of Christian friends, the mention of whose names, were it proper, would shed lustre upon these pages. On one of these occasions, he addressed a Sunday gathering at a mansion on the Wicklow Hill, near the "Sugar-loaf Mountain," from Luke x. 38—42: '*Now it came to pass, as they went, that he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman named Martha received Him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to Him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me. And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.*' From the brief notes of his preparation for this little service which exist, we gather, that the leading points dwelt upon were—"The character of Martha, as illustrating the tendency of the human heart to bury itself in

worldly objects, calling forth the gentle rebuke of Christ—'*Thou art careful and troubled about many things.*' The character of Mary, as presenting the picture of a lowly, earnest disciple, sitting at the feet of Jesus in the sweetness of dependence. '*The one thing needful,*' as comprising the salvation of the soul." The effort was extempore, and the whole scene, as described by those who witnessed it, was peculiarly impressive.

Of the few letters which are preserved, one is especially interesting and valuable, as unfolding his views, as a Christian, of a worldly recreation, which has, unhappily, found countenance in some religious circles—we refer to the subject of *dancing*. That the lawfulness and propriety of dancing, as a pastime of Christians, should find advocates and abettors among true believers,—that any should plead for and practise it, who solemnly professes to have separated themselves from the sinful enjoyments and vain pleasures of the world, renouncing them for the higher and holier joys of communion with God and conformity to Christ, is, indeed, a 'wonder and a marvel.' We do not think it trespassing on that '*charity which hopeth all things,*' to venture upon the remark that no professing Christian can indulge in this

frivolous, vain, worldly escapade without casting a deep shadow over the reality and sincerity of his religious character, by which he is professedly a '*new creature in Christ Jesus.*' If the religion of the crucified Redeemer does not quench in us a thirst for the world—moulding our spirit and conversation after the precepts and example of Christ—what has it in reality done for us? If dancing be a proper recreation, for Christians, a recreation in which they can indulge consistently with the precept,' *Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed in the spirit of your minds,*' then where is the line of demarcation which God has drawn between the church and the world? Whitmore's opinons on this subject, in reply to a question as to the propriety of a professing believer attending parties where dancing was introduced, are thus characteristically expressed:—

"I enter upon the consideration of the question you have so kindly and honestly propounded with the greatest pleasure. And while I highly esteem the confidence exhibited in any opinion I may venture to give, I must be allowed to treat the subject in ignorance of the circumstances which may have raised the question, and which are solely known to yourself. I shall have, therefore, to consider the subject in an abstract point of view, if you understand what I mean, so that it will be simply a matter of reasoning as to whether it be right for any

Christian whatever to frequent dancing parties. It will be for yourself and your own conscience to ascertain whether the case applies to you as an individual and a Christian. I have prayed that I might advance nothing but what is consistent with truth and Christian principle, and which may, with God's blessing, lead you to see the matter aright. You may not be aware that the act you speak of involves a great deal more than the act itself, and that one wrong first step may lead to innumerable inconsistencies and difficulties which would plunge you in subsequent repentant sorrow. You may plead in justification of the indulgence– and I perfectly admit the justness of the remark—that the old and the young stand in different positions from each other; that that which might appear out of character and ridiculous in one, would not assume the same light in another. The young have feelings in which the aged can have no share; and to make the one entirely to harmonise with the other, would rob life of half its loveliness and charm. There must of necessity be a certain amount of elasticity in youth which will find vent for itself through some channel or other. Their hopes are light, their feelings are young and fresh, and they are annoyed that circumstances and restraints of any kind should place a check upon the full play of their constitutional tendencies and their youthful emotions.

"But they must not forget that they are just in the very condition in which it is dangerous to be free. Inexperienced as they are, they would rush into the first snare that lay temptingly at their feet; and, perhaps, soon would the dark silent tomb engulf their bodies,

and another world receive their unprepared souls. Such is the history of thousands of the world's votaries; and it would be sad indeed if the young Christian's life were modelled after theirs. If in youth he started in the same career with them—if his pleasure and theirs were the same—if they dance and he dances—if they pipe and he sings—is it not natural to conclude that, unless God's power of grace interferes, the professing Christian's end must be theirs? '*Ye cannot serve two masters.*' Our hearts must be God's or the world's. This is strictly Bible truth. '*If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.*' This may seem a hard saying, but it is true: we would, perhaps, often wish it otherwise, but it cannot be; and our hearts are not right if the love of the world, in any degree, seeks to supplant love to God. Now I do not think, as I have hinted, that we are to do one thing because there seems no particular harm in it, and to avoid another because it seems so palpably wicked; but our whole spirit should be so purified, that we should look upon it all alike; whatever we do, our hearts should be His who rightly owns them, and who bought us with His precious blood. If your motive for going to these dancing parties be a right and pure one, and if you think your soul will be benefited thereby, then by all means go. You reply that it is impossible that all our motives, in all our actions, can be entirely pure, and that it is equally impossible that we can be thoroughly holy in this world. Grant this; yet I ask, what is the difference between a Christian and an unconverted man, if it be not, the one *aims* to be holy and aims to love God; and in all that he

does, acts upon principle and not from the promptings of fleshly desire; while the opposite is the case with the other? You see it is the principle in each which is the vital point, and the question with us is, are we guided by right or by wrong principle? If by right principle, then we may be sure we shall desire to do nothing that is contrary to that principle; but where the direct line is to be drawn, one cannot determine for another—it must be left to the individual himself and his own conscience. Youth, indeed, is a dangerous period of life, and Solomon solemnly admonishes us of that danger. '*Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.*'

"It is quite propable that dancing, as a mere lively exercise, may not affect the heart, though, even in this point of light, serious objections to the recreation might be alleged; but the whole character and tendency of the thing is what we are to look at. Many object to dancing, not only upon Christian grounds, but as being a thing wholly out of propriety; and it was undoubtedly so looked upon by the Greeks and Romans—whether the modern mode of conducting it be preferable I do not know. But with this we have nothing to do at present; the question is, is it suitable for a believer in Jesus? Now, in the first place, is not dancing a decidedly worldly amusement? Is not its whole character worldly? Do those who assemble to dance, either at balls or elsewhere, meet for any other purpose than frivolity and *pleasure*? Do they not mean something more than mere

bodily exercise, which can any day be obtained by riding or walking? Is not spiritual or even intellectual profit wholly set aside? Moreover, are they not, in the majority of cases, unconverted persons, to say the least, and so the enemies of our Saviour? I think you cannot deny all this. Shall we, then, join with them in what they make a worldly amusement, whatever we may consider it to be? And whatever views we may hold upon the subject, will they not consider us as one of themselves, or deride the religion of Christ which allows its disciples to be so worldly? and thus shall we not go contrary to the Scripture precept which enjoins us to '*avoid the appearance of evil*,' and so bring disgrace on the religion of Jesus? Again, would it not exert a baneful influence upon our own minds, causing us to imbibe their spirit, concerning whom the inspired apostle says,' *And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather rebuke them*'? Thus, too, should we not wilfully expose ourselves to sin while praying,' *Lead us not into temptation*'? I think if we consider these several points, we cannot but conclude that if it be not actually sinful to attend dancing parties it is yet wrong in its tendencies, and so inexpedient. St. Paul says, '*All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient;*' meaning thereby that there may be many things which it were no sin to do, but which Christian character and position render better not to be done. You may, perhaps, think that I have passed too severe a judgment in the case, and my own heart would have dictated a much milder view, shrinking from inflicting the least unhappiness; but conscientiously

I could not have said less, but much more, if time and space admitted, and which must be left for another period.

"WHITMORE."

Happy if this solemn testimony, uttered as from the tomb, against a decidedly worldly recreation, engrafted upon the Christian profession of so many, may henceforth deter the young Christian reader from indulging in an amusement so fatally injurious to the promotion of spirituality of mind, so incongruous with his solemn dedication to God, and so dishonouring to the name and religion of Christ.

We advert again to his journal:—

"*January 7th*, 1856. *Trinity College, Dublin.*—What a wonderful fact is our growth—physical, intellectual, and moral! Who shall set bounds to it? Expansive and concentrative for ever and ever. We start with ignorance and feebleness, we advance in knowledge and power. It is a slow process, apparently, yet a deep one. It has taken some six thousand years or more to bring man to that bare approach to perfectionment, which, with its delirium of conscious delight and conscious power, is somewhat intoxicating this nineteenth century. Here I am on the verge of twenty-one—the spring-tide of manhood—overlooking a world that counts centuries—bathing my intellect in streams, the very *quintessence* of human and divine thought, welling up

from truth's deep fount. As deep as I can I drink; indifference and scorn for meaner things follow. Men with orthodox strait-waistcoats and bound around with conventionalisms now and then cross my path, and I am fain to regard them as men of bygone centuries, having got into this by mistake. Books I once thought full of the most precious thought, appear more like children's books compared with others; then those others share the same fate and disappear as rapidly, and I pant and thirst for the higher and the better. Then the reflection arises, In what state am I? Am I going right or wrong? I look around and find others doing the same. I see them taming the elements of nature, bending her most awful and deadly powers to their sway. Continents and seas are as so much paper; thought is communicated in the twinkling of the eye. I find a strange sympathy with these men, and cannot help following them in their delvings into mysteries. My old simplicities of thought and feeling—so smooth and innocent, with scarce the ruffle of a wave—are put to the severest scrutiny and test. I tremble, and inquire what will come out of this fiery crucible? May God whom my soul loveth, from the conscious presence and feeling of His love to me, preserve me from the sin of pride! May He teach and guide me. He gave me intellect and I must use it, and no man shall subject it to thraldom; but when *He* requires submission—as He alone will and on only true and holy grounds—may I yield it with all my heart, and soul, and spirit. '*The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall grow stronger and stronger.*'"

"*January 30th. Trinity College, Dublin.*—'A man walks eternally with beings congenial to himself.' Yes, and from all others he walks eternally away. The deepest, finest, tenderest chords of his heart only vibrate to a chord struck by a kindred spirit. No foreign hand can touch it; an alien sound will only force an alien response—harsh and sad. Watch the delicate process by which kindred spirits try each other. At first I give a distant note! Has my brother gone so far? I wait the echo, borne back from some neighbouring height. Quick and more quick, I give a clearer, fuller note. My brother answers! Yes, we know the same hill country, have breathed the same mountain air. We know each other—are kindred spirits. I fear not now, and touch the delicate ground, and lead him to my private vineyard. He takes me to his—shows me his precious, golden fruit. I know it, value it—he honours me and I love him. There is wealth between us. Oh, this wondrous music world! This soul of harmony! How sweet, how delicious, thrilling like a hundred birds' notes in the morning air, is the union of kindred hearts. Each its own, and each the other's, swelling upwards to the world of mystery. O God, we are of Thee!

> "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
> Some chord in unison with what we hear
> Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies."

There are, probably, few periods in a young man's career in which friendly recognition, judicious counsel, and kind sympathy are more

needed and welcome than that which marks his University course. Buried within his college walls, in communion more with the dead than the living, the past than the present, severed from the refining and restraining influences of home,—assailed by temptations peculiar to college life,—often exhausted by hard reading and depressed by brooding thoughts, just at this critical period how timely and precious the outstretched hand of a real friend! A truth inculcated—an admonition given—a word of kindness dropped—an expression of sympathy offered—a little interest and affection shown, has often been the saving of a man. For the want of it many a University man has become a 'shipwrecked brother'—all his future embittered and beclouded in the absence of a loadstar like this. How many a Christian student, pining within his lonely cloisters, has sighed for friendship and sympathy. The University men of his day found such a teacher and friend in the late CHARLES SIMEON. Probably few individuals ever swayed a moral influence over a University so wide and potent as this eminent divine. He was emphatically the student's friend. They flocked to his church and crowded his rooms, earnestly seeking invitation, counsel, and prayer. How many a young man who went up to the University

estranged from God, and left it a "new creature in Christ Jesus," to cultivate at home or abroad some portion of the Master's vineyard, may attribute his conversion to Mr. Simeon's faithful, affectionate labours, the records of the last day will alone show.

Such a friend the students of Trinity College find in the Ven. Archdeacon John Gregg. Himself a graduate of Dublin University, with a vivid recollection of his own need of Christian and friendly sympathy while passing through its trying ordeal, he knows the heart of a student, and is prepared to sympathise with its yearnings. Among his varied plans of benefiting the young men, a "students' class," which assembles at his own house, forms a distinctive feature. At its meetings a paper is read by one of the number, upon which he bestows in appropriate and friendly criticism the results of his matured study and experience. Hints are suggested on the subject-matter, style, and delivery, which to the candidate for the Christian ministry must be invaluable. Opportunity is on these occasions afforded for judicious counsel, kind sympathy, and intercessory prayer. It would seem almost impossible to exaggerate the *importance* or over-estimate the value of such an

instrumentality. Would that every university and college were alike favoured! To this class Whitmore Winslow was privileged to belong. Amongst his manuscripts are found two papers, which were read at the assemblage of the "students' class," one on the "Fall of Jerusalem," and the other on the "Providence of God, as exhibited in preparing the way for the Reformation." In addition to his private instructions the young men have the advantage of the Archdeacon's pulpit teaching, which is occasionally dedicated especially to them. It is to two of those services that the following animated record refers. In his home letters Whitmore made particular reference to these discourses as having produced a powerful impression upon his own mind, and as having created a remarkable sensation in the University:

"*Sunday, February 17th, and February 24th.*—Sermon to 'Men,' and to 'Young Men,' by the Rev. John Gregg. May I remember these days! I have been lifted above myself—above the common natures of every-day life—the *hacks* among men—to contemplate the master spirits of the world, the great, the holy men that lived in Palestine, Greece, Rome, England, and America; and lastly and chiefly, the one Perfect Man, the type of men—the SON OF GOD. In the preacher, in the man who exhorted, taking for his text 1 Cor.

xvi. 13, '*Quit you like men*,' I saw and felt—suffused into myself—the spirit of a true man, a great man. Erect and bold he stood—fire in his eye—majesty in his form—divinity on his brow of thought, and living eloquence on his tongue—I could have wept with joy, I could have thundered with very admiration at this noblest work of God—a thinking, living, acting, speaking man. It was to men he spoke—a man to men—persuasion, exhortation, but above all, example—it must have fired the dullest, raised the meanest, energized the weakest, and inspired all with a hymn of praise, a gush of thanksgiving to Him who made man—breathed into man—loved man. O God, *I* thank Thee! May I be one of such—walk, live, think, and act worthy of Thee and of them!"

"From the last Sunday to this I have almost lived upon his discourse to 'Young Men.' Text, Titus ii. 6, '*Young men exhort to be sober-minded*,'—sound of mind, healthy in principle, moderate in passion, discreet in action. It was the experience of one who had been a young man. He told his feelings *then*,—his want of sympathy, his strength of passion, his struggle to rise, his difficulties and temptations; all this and more in piercing language, touching the innermost soul, he uttered to hundreds of our college students. May I ever remember it!"

"*T. C. D. April 21st.*—The world has had its excess of materialism, it is now to have its excess of spiritualism. When a good thing has gone to an *extreme*, men begin to protest against it, and cry up

something else, before overlooked. This is in its turn advanced to the front, and made to eclipse the other until some one protests against the exaggeration, and preaches up something else; or, it may be, seeks to restore the equilibrium of the two opposites, showing them in a more reflected light, and a truer bearing. Principles act and counteract and interact the wide world over, maintaining a wholesome activity, and preserving the golden mean of things."

"*April 26th.*—I begrudge every hour, every moment that shuts out from me the presence of God; every labour whose acquired result savours of earth. I do not mean that this great thought can always shine into the soul —the thought of God's presence—we are too gross for that. But I do mean that our time and attention are wasted if given to matters from which, from their materiality, we can extract nothing appertaining to the invisible and spiritual. '*Meditate, centre your thoughts on things above,*' is the spiritual command. I am getting happily to feel that the result of obedience to this precept is just this,—that so far from being discontented with things below, one gets to see more in them. The amount of gross impervious matter is lessened, so that the eye, becoming more spiritual and clear, can discern the electric fire that darts forth from beneath the soil, and seems the sacred fire of heaven. What know we of God, of life, if the stretch and bound of our horizon is a dead level? It was the noble saying of a heathen poet, 'Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.' 'I am a man; and nought that is human is foreign to myself.' Advance one step further, and say,

I am a son of God. I hold this universe, rolling amid space with all its worlds, to be of Him. I humbly think the little globe of water, too, that trickles from the brook is not so disregarded of its Maker as to escape His eye or be beyond His law—therefore it interests me."

"*April 20th.*—I cannot think with some that the primary evidence of a God is from the material world; because it seems impossible, without having the idea of God, to make any comparison between Him and His works; and if any one will carefully examine and test the process in their own minds, when contemplating with hallowed enjoyment the beautiful face of nature, instinct with the Divine presence, they will give pre-eminence and priority to that glorious idea which alone can interpret nature, and lend to it a meaning which otherwise it never would have. To tell me that a watch speaks of a watchmaker before I have any idea of the latter, is to take the whole thing for granted, and assert what can never be proved, because mankind could have no notion of a watch until they had not only the notion, but the actual knowledge and presence of a man. This is a matter of fact, it is the natural history of this process; to reverse it is to go upon a mere hypothesis that can never be put to the test. I think, then, that the existence, beauty, harmony, and grandeur of nature, is corroborative proof, not primary evidence, that there is a God."

"*May 1st.*—I cannot get rid of my responsibility. It is an awful fact that stares me in the face every moment. Not a thing I do, nor the way I do it, or when I do it,

but affects the whole issue. I am oppressed, overwhelmed with this weight which attaches to me. I go to God, not to be relieved from my responsibility—that would be to deny Himself and His holy law—but to help me under the burden. I go to Him to take the matter out of my hands by giving me Himself. '*If God be for us, who can be against us?*'"

"*June 6th.*—The sacred of the earth, the holy amongst men, seem ever to possess a spirit tuned to sympathy—powerful sympathy—with their dying fellows, rushing headlong to destruction and woe. This feeling is an induction from the Bible, as well as drawn from an observation of the life and character of men. If it be true that our humanity is debased and crushed—and most true it is—it were a thought, a spectacle, enough to draw tears of blood from every soul that so believes. The highest angel might stoop to shed his sacred tear on such an awful world. But have we never paused to reflect that if we as men can so feel for our fellow-man, and be willing to exhaust all the means in our power to avert his ruin, what must be the feeling, the compassion of a holy God, whose nature is love, and who has the power to do that which the highest will of man could never effect! Oh, brother, have faith in God! What avails the anguish of thy soul? '*Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?*' And what in thy solemn moments thou feelest to be wrong, charge not to Him, but to thy limited vision—and keep thy faith intact."

"There are some minds—an order of mind—who shrink from all earthly beauty from a reserved or con-

strained fear that beneath there lies concealed a serpe
or a thorn. They dare not surrender themselves to t
joyousness of the hour, when that hour invites, and whe
their own nature is welling up from within, by reasc
of a latent dread of gliding out of their propriety in
some glaring inconsistency. They carry about wit
them, as one has expressed it, 'some corpse of a memor
that throws its cold shadow upon the scene of the hou
that would lull them to a Lethe of care."

"Thy spirit can penetrate my soul, and my soul ca
illumine the world."

"That which thou art in the sight of God, that tho
art, and nothing more! Watch against hypocrisy. L
not thine eyes be blinded by things seen to things u
seen. All will vanish but thine interest in Jesus."

Here we close his journal. Enough has bee
unveiled of his hidden life to show what hol
feelings and what precious gems of thought la
concealed beneath a demeanour so quiet an
retiring. Truly, his '*life was hid with Christ i
God.*'

## CHAPTER V.

Remark of Homer—Whitmore Winslow's return from Dublin—Visit to town—Closing Sabbath service and communion—Catholic spirit—Visit to Dover—Letter to his friend—Last service on earth—Affecting coincidence—Death—Interment—Poetry—Concluding remarks.

It was the pathetic remark of Homer, concerning a noble youth stretched upon the battle-field, that "he never lived to repay the care of those who had brought him up." In the case of a godly youth suddenly and, to human view, prematurely severed from life, Christianity modifies this sentiment, and tempers this lament of the poet. In such a case there is a reward. Brief though the career of such a one may be, yet it is no life-blank, unwritten and untraced. To have witnessed the early consecration to Christ—to have marked the matured wisdom—the deepening grace—the brightening holiness—the glowing sunset—who will say that he lived not to repay the care, and to realize the treasured hopes and prayers of those who trained his first years, watched with parental fondness his manhood's progress, and then saw the early grave close over

all, radiant with the lustre of Christian hope? Oh say not that "he never lived to repay the care of those who brought him up!"

In July, 1856, Whitmore Winslow returned home from Dublin—to die! We gave him the meeting. He leaped from the carriage into our arms buoyant with life and happiness. It was a joyous reunion after a long year's separation—a joy, alas! so soon to yield to the deepest grief. He bore with him some valuable works, the trophies of his recent successful competition for University Honours—the last chaplet science bound upon the youthful brow of her favoured son. They are precious relics now. In our walks we reviewed the studies of the past year—revelled in the full unfettered intercourse of the present—and talked of the future, when, at the close of the following session, he would take his degree, and reach a bright and long-desired epoch of his history. But Infinite Sovereignty willed it otherwise. God, whose work is perfect, and all whose ways are right, had other thoughts, and was revolving in His providence other designs—wisely and beneficently concealing His purposes from our view. After spending a few weeks in the bosom of his family, he repaired to town on a brief visit,

to his uncle, occupying much of his time in viewing scenes of historical interest and objects of art, principally some galleries of choice paintings and statuary, his taste for which seemed to have acquired an inspiration and ripeness from his recent tour upon the Continent. All who conversed with him were impressed with his manly bearing and gentle address. It was the observation of one who then saw him for the first time, that "he approached the nearest to perfection of any being she had ever met." It was the '*beauty of holiness*,' the love of God in his heart, imparting a dignity and tone to his whole demeanour that invested him with a charm so winning. 'By the grace of God he was what he was!'

His last sabbath on earth was spent in town, and his last communion at the Lord's table was within the walls of St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, closing his fellowship with the Church of Christ below in the spirit of that expanded affection with which he was about to ascend to the higher communion of the Church in heaven. On the following Monday, August 4th, he joined his mother at Dover, and appeared greatly to enjoy the change of air and scene, and especially the sacred repose and intercourse of his family. From

thence he penned his last letter, addressed to the friend who shared his college rooms.

"*August 4th*, 1856. 16, *Esplanade, Dover.*

"MY DEAR K——,—It is some time since I have written, but it is some time since I have had a quiet opportunity. I have been in London for the last fortnight, at my uncle Edward's house, in Bedford Place, where most of our family gathered, as a sort of nucleus, around the sick couch of my eldest uncle,* who returned from the Isle of Man in a very precarious state. After a consultation of doctors—my uncle Forbes, Dr. Todd (a brother of our Senior Fellow), and others—they set to work on a new plan, under which I hope he is gradually recovering. Yesterday I came down here, where my mother and sisters and the younger ones are enjoying the sea air. I expect to be here for two or three weeks, and find the change delightful after the heat of London. I hope, moreover, to do some reading as hitherto, and *always* hitherto, as invariably as summer comes round, I have done next to nothing of real work. But what can we do in the face of nature? She *will* be obeyed, and persists in declaring that for some good part of the year the mind should rest; and I must say, 'I consent unto the law that it is good.' And yet how true is the statement of St. Paul, that the law of one's members and the law of one's mind never seem to agree; and is it not experimentally true, that each aspires to command the other, and that we are only happy when the mind

* The late Rev. ISAAC DEBLOIS WINSLOW, Vicar of Bulkington *Warwickshire.*

is supreme? I think high up in the list of Jonathan Edwards's resolutions was this, 'to resolve that the mind shall govern the body.' Butler has a similar expression and in stronger terms, if I recollect right, that were he to relax the tension of his mind, he might in a moment be lost, the prey to any temptation. This we recognise easily enough; but do we as easily perceive, or as readily admit, the difference in *kind* between the principles that may govern the mind? I have sometimes found myself in this plight, dwelling with peculiar fondness on one set of principles, and suddenly brought into collision with a particular fact which led to another set of principles, before overlooked or cast into the background.

"You and I, I think, admire intellect because intellect is power. *'I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong;'* and we admire, too, the 'saccharine' principle that develops itself everywhere in some degree; but has our experience sufficiently indicated how eternally *opposite* are some principles? That there is in itself a principle of evil eternally opposed to God, and which never proceeded from Him, but from some source out of Him, and, therefore, that to be with God is to conquer that principle: *not* to conquer it, is *not* to be with God. The extreme principle, gaining credence in our day, that evil is only a form of good, seems to me irreconcilable with all around us; with all the instinctive hatred we have of certain acts which we denominate sinful, because done from an unholy principle, which we never can admire. I own to very imperfect notions upon this great and awful subject, but I feel the importance of having some definite notion, and the

desire to have a right one. Does not this principle of making evil a form of good spring from a desire in each man's breast to excuse his own evil, and relieve him from the exertion of actively suppressing it? I see the difficulties, they are thousand-fold. The principle of *causality* supplying the greatest, ascribing it to some cause, and yet, from a holy feeling, refusing to ascribe that cause to God. But can we not rest in this,—it has its origin out of God; its nature is eternally opposed to God; God hates it, therefore my reason can rest satisfied in a holy God? For if God be, He must be good; and He could not give us a principle to condemn Himself, and therefore, when we condemn sin, we condemn what He condemns, and consent unto His law that it is just.

"What conclusions we ought to draw in any particular case is another matter, and may depend upon our degree of knowledge; but we cannot go far wrong if we are convinced that a native principle of evil has its origin apart from God. Upon these momentous questions may we have right views. Write when you can, and believe me,

"Ever yours, most truly,

"J. W. WINSLOW."

On Wednesday morning, August 6th, he joined the family circle in perfect health, and united, as usual, in worship, accompanying the reading of God's word with an occasional rendering from the original, throwing new light and beauty upon the sacred page. It is the habit of each individual

present to repeat a text of Scripture committed to memory during the morning—a plan, it may be remarked, which has been found to illustrate, in an interesting and striking manner, the marvellous fulness and variety of the Bible, and at the same time storing the mind with the rich treasures of God's truth. It was an affecting coincidence, and would seem to have been singularly prophetic of the solemn event so near, that the words quoted on this occasion by a younger member of the family were those of the Saviour, addressed to the penitent whom He was about to receive into glory, '*This day shalt thou be with me in paradise!*' How soon in dearest Whitmore's case was this to be fulfilled! At the conclusion of this, his last devotional service on earth, he proposed going to bathe. One of his sisters accompanied him a short distance, pausing at a bookseller's on their way to purchase a pocket edition of Locke. With several books in his hands,* he quitted his party and retired to the extreme end of the beach, and entered a bathing machine. A few moments afterwards—and his ransomed

* The works found on the seat of the bathing-machine were "Locke on the Human Understanding," the last number of the "Psychological Journal," and his Bible.

spirit was before the throne—an inhabitan
heaven—with Christ in paradise!

"God's finger touch'd him, and he slept."*

An impenetrable mystery will ever, in the
sent world, enshroud this affecting event.
customary investigation, as will be seen be
availed to throw no material light upon the
cumstance that led to it.† It is supposed, l
ever, that the shock which the system rece

* Tennyson.

† "It is with the greatest regret we announce the unt
end of a most promising young gentleman, the son of Oct
Winslow, Doctor of Divinity, of Leamington, and nephew o
Forbes Winslow, who met his death in the most mysterious
unaccountable manner, whilst bathing on Wednesday last.
deceased was an Undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin
it appears that he was staying by the sea-side here, in com
with his mother and sister, for the recruitment of their h
at this season of the year. On Wednesday afternoon he
into one of the bathing machines belonging to Mr. C. Marsh
situated in the front of Guildford Battery, for the purpo
bathing. He entered the machine with some books in his
and was attended to the door by a son of Mr. Marsh, who
him towels, and who observed nothing at all remarkable
in his manner or appearance. What afterwards took pla
involved in mystery: but it was subsequently discovered th
had undressed and entered the water, but had not return
all to the machine, as the floor was perfectly dry. The only
in which the melancholy end of the deceased can be acco
for is the supposition that on immersing himself in the w
he was seized with a fit or some sudden convulsion w
*deprived* him of all power of raising an alarm, as, if he had

from the sudden plunge into the water induced faintness, and that in a state of unconsciousness he sank powerless beneath the waves, and in an instant ceased to exist. Hour after hour passed slowly on, but he came not to those who were anxiously watching his return. And while they were beguiled by the thought that, on leaving the bath he had probably walked into the country, —lo! he was in heaven, '*beholding the*

the slightest noise as of a person drowning, he must have been heard, it being at the time high water, and the bathing machines being very close to the upper portion of the beach, where several persons were seated. If he had fortunately been heard, he might, in all probability, have been rescued. It has been rumoured that the deceased uttered a cry, and splashed about in the water:—but we have the best authority for stating that this is altogether untrue. Nothing whatever was heard or seen of deceased after he entered the machine, and at the expiration of half an hour the men engaged in attending the machines, having some doubt whether he had been in the water or not, one of them got upon the wheels of the machine, and looked in at one of the windows, when he at once discovered that the gentleman was missing. On the fact becoming known, Mr. Marsh, who was engaged at his principal bathing establishment near to Waterloo Crescent, attended at East Cliff, and made every exertion to recover the body, but without success at that moment. A careful watch was kept as the tide receded, however, and in about three hours after the sad occurrence, the body of the deceased was discovered in the wash of the water. He was then quite dead and cold. The event has caused a considerable degree of excitement, and has cast quite a gloom over the town."—*Dover Journal.*

*King in His beauty,'* a surprised and glorified inhabitant of the '*land that is very far off.*'

> "He slept—as fades the morning star, which goes
> Not down behind the darken'd west, nor hides
> Obscured amid the tempest of the sky—
> But melts away into the light of heaven!"

No event in his life was more characteristic than its close—it was quiet, noiseless, deeply veiled. The messenger came with a surprise so gentle, and with a footstep so soft, the saint of God knew not that it was death until he had passed through its gloomy portal, and towering upon the wing far remote from the mortal struggle looked back upon the ruined tabernacle he had just dropped. All around the scene of his departure was still—not a throe was seen, not a sound was heard, not a wavelet disturbed the calm waters that closed over him. All was lonely, too,—not a loved one was there to read his last thoughts, to hear his last words, to catch his last sigh. And yet he was not all alone! Much of his spiritual life had been spent in secret intercourse with Christ,—deeply veiled from human eye. And now that he was to walk through the shaded valley—short though the transit was—Christ *alone* would accompany His young servant. *Like the* disciples on Mount Tabor, he '*saw no man*

*save Jesus only.*' His was a *hidden* life—his a *hidden* death—and both were truly *in the Lord.*

The sequel of the sad narrative is soon told. As the tide receded, his remains were recovered, and were borne to the house of J. B. KNOCKER, Esq., R.N.,* who was upon the spot from the moment the occurrence became known, and who, with a thoughtfulness, delicacy, and sympathy such as belongs only to the loftiest type of our sanctified humanity, united with a member of the family in superintending the whole of the melancholy proceedings. May the Christian home that afforded a temporary repose to the lifeless form of one so precious bo ever visited, comforted and sanctified by the presence and blessing of Him who has said,' *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me!*'

On Thursday, the 13th, all that remained of our lost one from earth was deposited in the family vault in the Leamington Cemetery,† in

* Who, after faithfully serving Christ and His truth, has since gone to join him in the 'Father's Home."

† "FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. JOHN WHITMORE WINSLOW.—The remains of the late Mr. Winslow—which had been conveyed from Dover to his father's house, Lansdowne Circus, on Saturday—were borne to their last resting-place, the family vault in the Leamington Cemetery, on Thursday last. The pall was supported

which reposed the dust of the beloved grandmother —the veteran saint and the youthful believer slumbering side by side until the morning of the first resurrection. They were "*lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.*"

"We give thee joy, dear one!
We know thou art happy now,
Life's holy mission all well done,
Heaven's sunshine on thy brow.

"'T is true thy feet have trod
Death's shadowy valley through,
But One was there, with 'staff and rod,'
To shield and comfort too.

"'T was Christ for thee to live,
'T was richer gain to die:
He took thee from us but to give
Thee purer joys on high.

---

by J. Strachan, Esq., H. Clarke, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Burbidge, and Capt. Beville; and the remains were followed by the Rev. Dr. Winslow and the Masters Winslow, father and brothers of the deceased; Edward Winslow, Esq., and Dr. Forbes Winslow, uncles; and by three Messrs. Winslow, cousins, &c. Miss Winslow, aunt to the deceased, and other members of the family, also attended the funeral privately. A large number of the inhabitants of Leamington, anxious to show the respect they entertained for the relatives of the departed, joined the mournful procession at the Cemetery, among whom were J. Fenn Clarke, Esq.; J. S. Brown, Esq., Comber House; Mr. Taylor, Brunswick-street; Mr. Burr, Russell-terrace, &c. The burial service was read very impressively by the Rev. Percy Arnold, Curate of St. Luke's, and the deepest sympathy was evinced by all present during the performance of the solemn ceremony. Upon the coffin was the simple inscription—'John Whitmore Winslow, died August 6th, 1856. Aged 21 years.'"—*Leamington Spa Courier.*

"No more of sin or pain
Shall thy gentle spirit know;
No tears shall dim thine eye again,
In heaven they cannot flow.

"Now thou hast learn'd the song
The redeem'd can only sing,
Thou hast join'd thy voice with the holy throng,
As their meed of praise they bring.

"And the loved who went before
To their home in the better land,
Thou hast found them all on that blissful shore,
A holy, happy band.

"Though a crown and harp of gold
To thy head and hand are given;
And visions of delight untold,
With an angel's place in heaven—

"Yet we ask not, sainted one!
If thou dost e'er forget?
Though stricken are our hearts and lone,
We know thou lov'st us yet.

"For the links are strong and bright
'In memory's golden chain;'
And love, refined by Heaven's own light,
Flows back to earth again,

"Still we miss thy presence here,
We miss each loving word,
With each tender tone to us so dear,
Which our souls to their depths has stirr'd.

"And our spirits sink in dust,
Till faith lifts up the eye:
And we learn to bow with a holier trust,
As we look beyond the sky.

"So we give thee joy, dear one!
We know thou art happy now;
Life's holy mission all well done,
Heaven's sunshine on thy brow."

Who can conceive, still less describe, the rapture of such a death? It may not, perhaps, be unlawful to track the ransomed spirit's flight as, dropping the vesture of the flesh, it put on the robe of immortality, and in the twinkling of an eye found itself in glory! Oh, the ecstasy! Oh, the rapture! Oh, the glory of that moment! Imagination drops her boldest wing in the attempt to reach it. Severed from all the toils and dangers, the sins and sorrows of this mortal life—it is in an instant and "for ever with the Lord." God had gentle thoughts of him in preparing the *mode* of his departure. Exempted from that dread of dissolution which the strongest minds can scarcely fail to experience, and spared the disruption of those tender ties, which a loving, sensitive heart like his would so exquisitely have felt—the last, the sad farewell—he passed away to that world of glory for revelations of which he so longed, for the blessedness of which he so panted, and for the purity of which he was so ripe. And now he is with Jesus! He has met the dear ones who preceded him, and who, doubtless, were the first to welcome his arrival home,—he has seen the Lord,—

he has entered into the goodly fellowship of patriarchs and prophets, of apostles and martyrs—his noble, cultivated, and refined mind, his fond and feeling spirit finding fit subjects for its study and perfect beings for its love. Above and beyond all—is the all-engaging, all-absorbing, beatific vision of the enthroned and glorified REDEEMER, upon which his perfected spirit feasts. And what an opening of heaven is there when a saint of God goes up! The veil is parted, and for a moment we seem to gaze within upon the glory, to listen to the music, and to behold the rapture of the saints—and we long to be there! With what sublimity has a sacred poet portrayed the vision :—

"Hasten, hasten, sweetest dove,
Sacred Sanctifier!
Breathe the soul-absorbing love,
Form the true desire.
Clear the gloomy mists away,
Tune the heart to harmony,
Then we'll sing, and then we'll pray,
With celestial energy.

"Bear me on thy rapid wing,
Everlasting Spirit!
Where the young-eyed cherubs sing,
And the saints inherit
(Fluttering round the flaming throne)
Joys eternally their own,
This the cry of every one,
'Glory to the incarnate Son!'

"Burst, ye emerald gates! and bring
To my raptured vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian.
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies;
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of Paradise.

"See the exalted Son of God
Pours the intercession!
Mark the sin-atoning blood!
Bend in adoration.
Endless glory is secured,
True perfection is restored:
Sinner, see! and be assured
All thy wants in Jesus stored.

"Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before Him:
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore Him.
Angels' trumps resound His fame.
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of His name,
Heaven echoing the theme.

"Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays,
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus! Jesus! flow along.

"Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout His glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation!

Cast their crowns before His throne,
Cry in reverential tone—
'Holy! Holy! Holy One!
To whom be endless praise alone.'

"Martyrs, in a grand array
Circle the Redeemer
Now their crimson banners play
Near the imperial streamer.
And before His pierced feet
Down they cast the coronet,—
Ruby wreath, superbly set,
With the dazzling saphiret.

"High ascend the mingling throngs,
Fill'd with heavenly fire;
Raise, believers, raise your songs,
Join the sacred choir.
Soon in yonder faith-view'd plains
Ye shall shout in rapt'rous strains,
Free from sin, and free from pain,
While eternal ages reign."

His death produced a profound sensation in many circles, especially in the University, where the controlling influence of his holy life began widely to be felt. The sudden extinguishment of a life so full of promise was the subject of especial notice in various public journals, one only of which is quoted below.* Nor has his death

* "Now that many students are returning from vacation, and that absent friends are missed and spoken of, the death of Mr. J. Whitmore Winslow, a fine young man, 'dead ere his prime,' aged twenty-one, is greatly deplored. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Octavius Winslow, of Leamington, and nephew of Dr. Forbes Winslow, and

been without a hallowed result. Many who witnessed his solemn baptism,—who saw his holy walk, and anticipated his useful future were awe-struck by the intelligence of his sudden departure;—one has been received into the fellowship of the Church on earth, and another into the higher communion of the Church in heaven, tracing the first quickening of spiritual life, through the power of the Holy Ghost, to an event, which roused them to the reflection, "I too must die! What if my departure were so sudden? Am I

lost his life while bathing in the sea at Dover. He was member of the T. C. D. Theological Society, and had given early promise of great distinction; but, alas! it might have been said of him as of Marcellus:

'Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent.'

Eminent for his piety, he had attracted to him all the serious men of his class; while the grace and goodness with which he was endued, like sunshine upon blossoms, developed and made more manifest his natural amiability. To his sorrowing friends and family we may repeat Milton's well-known lines from 'Lycidas,' written on the occasion of the loss by drowning of a young friend of the poet:—

'Weep no more!
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves.'"

*The Clerical Journal.*

*prepared* to meet the summons ?" Though dead may he still speak to many unconverted hearts by these memorials !

Let us not suppose that his death was untimely or premature. When fruit is ripe it drops, or is gathered. When a believer in Jesus is matured by grace for glory, the Lord of the harvest takes him to heaven. He comes into His garden and gathers His lilies. "The heavenly Husbandman often gathers for His garner the fruit that early ripens, without suffering it to hang needlessly long, beaten by storms upon the tree. Oh, how often, as many a grieved heart can tell, do the Lord's best beloved die betimes, taken from the evil to come! While the unripe, the evil, the injurious, live long for mischief to themselves and to others. Roses and lilies wither far sooner than thorns and thistles."* No! he died not too soon. The Lord saw that heaven was the proper sphere for one so unfitted for earth, and so called him soon away. He lived for God while he lived, and he lives now—not in our hearts and memories alone, but in the silent, unseen, yet real influence which connects in mysterious links the past with the present, and the present with the future. That influence may mould the character and

* Dr. Kitto.

affect the destiny of many who shall follow him. Men live after death! Reader! is your life such as to leave a sacred, hallowed, controlling influence when you are gone,—an influence that shall testify of Jesus, savour of holiness, and lead others to heaven?

There are *comforts* for the mourner. Many whose weeping eyes scan these pages may have suffered a like bereavement. Beloved, our God is *right*, dimly though through blinding tears we can at present read this truth. Oh, yes, He is love—He is wise—He is holy; and in this dark, crushing dispensation, which in a moment may have robbed you of one so lovely, so hopeful, so dear, *all is right!* We cannot fathom the depth of this event—for '*His judgments are a great deep*,'—nor can we fathom the depth of His love—for His love is *infinite*. Let us, then, be still, and know, not only that He is God, but that He is our own covenant God, and will be our Guide even unto death. The hand that has smitten is the uplifted hand of a FATHER. Upon it, wounded, bleeding, humbled, let us lean. Listen to His own consolatory words '*I wound, and I heal.*' '*He maketh sore, and bindeth up: He woundeth, and His hand makes whole.*'

"Thou! who art touch'd with feeling of our woes,
Let me on thee my heavy burden cast!
My aching, anguish'd heart on thee repose
Leaving with thee the sad mysterious past;
Let me submissive bow, and kiss the rod;
Let me 'be still and know that thou art God.'

"Why should my harass'd, agitated mind
Go round and round this terrible event;
Striving in vain some brighter side to find,
Some cause why all this anguish has been sent?
Do I, indeed, that sacred truth believe,
Thou dost not willingly afflict and grieve?

"Infinite Wisdom! can it ever err?
Infinite love! can it to us work ill?
Good, only good, dost thou, my God, confer,
Though it to me, alas! seem evil still:
Oh! let not finite, frail, presumptuous man
Thine acts arraign—Thy hidden purpose scan.

"Oh! pity me, all crush'd beneath the blow,
Thus weeping o'er this sad mysterious blight;
My garden's richest, fairest plant laid low,
Gemm'd with its dewy blossoms sparkling bright;
Just when its roseate blooms were set for fruit,
Stricken and shatter'd at the very root.

"There are none like it left, and earth appears
So stripp'd, so desolate, without its charms,
A barren waste, a mournful vale of tears,
That, were I not supported by Thine arms,
My pitying Saviour! this poor heart would break!
Oh! shield—oh! comfort for Thy mercy's sake..

"My lovely gourd is wither'd in an hour!
I droop, I faint, beneath the scorching sun.
My Shepherd, lead me to some sheltering bower,
There, where thy little flock 'lie down at noon;'
Though of my dearest earthly joy bereft,
Thou art my portion still—Thou, *Thou*, my God, art left!"

How blessed is the death of the righteous! It seems hard to part from those we love; it were harder still to detain them from a world of perfect purity and love; '*We sorrow not as those who have no hope,*' for those who sleep in Jesus;—oh, how truly blessed is their departure! The labourer is at rest—the traveller is at home—the voyager is in port—the child of God has reached his Father's house, and when the Lord returns He will bring them with Him. Oh, it is a blessed thing to die, if we die in the Lord! Upon the finished work of Jesus alone WHITMORE WINSLOW reposed all his hope of heaven. He knew, he felt, he acknowledged himself a sinner, looking for the mercy of God only through the all-atoning merits of the Lord Jesus. He commenced his university career with a solemn resolve to 'live for God!' God ratified the vow, and took him at his word. He lived for God the little of time—he lives for God and with God through an endless eternity. We had no dying bed to weep over, but we go to his grave and weep—not tears of hopeless, unsubmissive grief—but such as Jesus dropped over Lazarus's tomb. Ah! the spot where the righteous die, the place where they sleep, is sacred. It is good to be there!

"This place is holy ground:
World, with thy cares, away!

Silence and darkness reign around,
But lo! the break of day,—
What bright and sudden dawn appears
To shine upon the scene of tears!

"'T is not the morning light
That wakes the lark to sing—
'Tis not the meteor of the night,
Nor track of angel's wing:
It is an uncreated beam,
Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

"Eternity and Time
Met for a moment here—
From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
Rested on either sphere,
Whose steps a saintly figure trod—
By death's cold hand led home to God.

"He landed in our view,
'Midst flaming hosts above,
Whose ranks stood silent while he drew
Nigh to the Throne of Love,
And meekly took the lowest seat,
Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

"Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,
Entranced our spirits fell,
And saw—yet wist not what we saw,
And heard—no tongue can tell
What sound the ear of rapture caught—
What glory fill'd the eye of thought.

"Thus far above the pole,
On wings of mounted fire
Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul,
But soon her pinions tire:
It is not given to mortal man
Eternal mysteries to scan.

"Behold, no bed of death—
His pale and lovely clay—
No sob was heard of parting breath—
None mark'd the eyes' last ray.
No—life so sweetly ceased to be—
It lapsed in immortality!"

* * * * * *

"But from his grave the dust shall rise
In Christ's own Image to the skies!"

And thus we close this humble memorial of a CHRISTIAN UNDERGRADUATE. Let the young men of our Universities read it, and learn that the most eminent piety is not incompatible with the highest scholarship—a close walk with God with the most diligent intellectual culture; and let them strive and pray that they may follow him as he followed Christ. He lived not to reach the bright goal of academic honour for which he laboured, nor the still higher distinction as a minister of Christ in the Christian Church for which he longed—yet he lived not in vain. He passed to no university diploma—he took no holy orders on earth—God having prepared some better thing for him in heaven—a nobler degree—a higher service—a crown of life that fadeth not away.

"How short his day!—the glorious prize,
To our slow hearts and failing eyes,
Appear'd too quickly won.
—The warrior rush'd into the field,
With arm invincible to wield
The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield,
When, lo! the fight was done.

"The loveliest star of evening's train
Sets early in the western main,
And leaves the world in night;
The brightest star of morning's host,
Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost:
Thus sank his form on ocean's coast,
Thus sprang his soul to light.

"Who shall forbid the eye to weep,
That saw him, from the ravening deep,
Pluck'd like the lion's prey?
For ever bow'd his honour'd head,
The spirit in a moment fled,
The heart of friendship cold and dead,
The limbs a wreath of clay!

"Revolving his mysterious lot,
I mourn him, but I praise him not:
Glory to God be given:
Who sent him, like the radiant bow,
His covenant of peace to show;
Athwart the breaking storm to glow,
Then vanish into heaven.

"O Church! to whom that youth was dear,
The Angel of thy mercies here,
Behold the path he trod,
'A milky-way' through midnight skies!
—Behold the grave in which he lies!
Even from this dust thy prophet cries,
*'Prepare to meet thy* God.'" *

"THY WAY IS IN THE SEA, AND THY PATH IN THE GREAT WATERS; AND THY FOOTSTEPS ARE NOT KNOWN." "IF I TAKE THE WINGS OF THE MORNING, AND DWELL IN THE UTTERMOST PARTS OF THE SEA; EVEN THERE SHALL THY HAND LEAD ME, AND THY RIGHT HAND SHALL HOLD ME."

* Stanzas to the memory of Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool, *who was drowned* while bathing, 1811. By James Montgomery.

# APPENDIX.

IT entered into the original conception of this little volume to append to its closing pages a selection from the numerous letters of Christian sympathy received by the Author in the hour of his calamity; and which were, through the power of the Comforter, as the 'oil of joy' diffused upon the broken waters of his soul,—the simple object being to place the same consolations within the reach of minds similarly afflicted as his own. Shrinking, however, upon further reflection, from what might be thought a needless expansion of the volume, he has relinquished the idea, content to add but one letter, which permits others, who knew him well, to bear their testimony to the Christian worth of the subject of this volume. The document—although personal feelings might plead for its withholdment—is yet so elegant and touching, and withal so truly pious and soothing, and issuing from a Christian Body with which the beloved subject of these Memorials was associated, and which the writer delights to recognise and honour, he is prevailed upon to insert it.

"*Sandford, Dublin, Sept. 26th,* 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The members of 'The Dublin University Prayer Union' have requested me to transmit to you the enclosed address, as a tribute of their affectionate regard for one whom they greatly loved, and as a token of their deep sympathy with you in the bereavement which has left us all to mourn his early removal.

"I fear that this expression of their earnest feeling is likely to open afresh the wounds which such a stroke has made; but I hope and pray that it may prove, in the hands of the great 'Comforter,' a balm of consolation to your sorrowing heart, and cheer you amidst the trial, by giving you one more assurance that your dear child '*is not dead, but sleepeth.*'

"The printed papers will inform you of the character of the body from whom the address proceeds; and it gives me much pleasure to say that the serious and consistent piety of the young men who compose it attaches a real value to the expression of their sentiments.

"Your dear son was personally known to me, and frequently attended my ministry; I may, therefore, be allowed to add my own expression of high regard for his Christian character, and to express my deepest sympathy with you in this affliction.

"Praying that the God of all consolation may comfort and sustain you, believe me, dear Sir,

"Your unworthy brother in the Gospel of Christ,

"W. PAKENHAM WALSH.

"Rev. O. Winslow."

"*Dublin University Prayer Union,*

"13, *Trinity College.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—It is with feelings of the deepest emotion that the members of 'The Dublin University Prayer Union,' on their reassembling after the summer vacation, find themselves called upon to place on record the sad bereavement which has left such a blank in your happy circle, and such a breach in their little company, since last they met together.

"Though unknown to us in the flesh, you are not a stranger to us in the Spirit; for we have long learned to honour your Christian character, and to feel the value of your Christian instruction through the press: but of late years that bond has been strengthened by the presence and friendship of our lamented friend, and by the eminent manner in which the character and teaching of the father have been reflected to us in the walk and conversation of his son.

"The mysterious providence which has deprived us of such a friend has drawn our hearts towards you, dear sir, by a new and closer tie; and we desire, in all the tenderness of a holy grief, to express our Christian sympathy with you in this deep affliction, and to embalm the memory which death has hallowed, in this heartfelt tribute, which love for our departed brother demands at our hands.

"We wish that it were possible to convey to you anything like an adequate idea of the esteem and affection with which our beloved fellow-student was regarded by all who knew him during his sojourn amongst us. Both within and without the walls of the College, his name was ever mentioned with respect, and his character and attainments were held in deserved honour, even by those who were strangers to that hidden power which governed his life; whilst to those who were one with him in Christ Jesus, the graces of his earnest but unaffected piety were incentives to the admiration and affection which his natural talents and amiability could not fail to win for him.

"It was our especial happiness to have his name

enrolled on our list of members, and our delight and privilege to take counsel with him at our meetings concerning the work of the Lord both in home and distant lands. He has often knelt with us at the throne of grace in earnest supplication on behalf of our Union, our University, our country, the world, and the Church of Christ. At the Trinity Term Meeting of our College Church Missionary Association last year, he read an eloquent and interesting paper upon the 'History and Progress of Missionary Work in China,' and in Hilary Term last he instructed and animated us by a lucid and cheering account of the 'Origin and success of City Missions.' One of our last meetings for prayer was held in his rooms, and the 139th Psalm, which he read to us on that occasion, has now a peculiar interest for his mourning fellow-worshippers, who seem to hear, as it were, the last expression of his faith in the confiding thought —'*In the uttermost parts of the sea—even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.*'

"The loss of such a man, at such a time, extends beyond his own dear family circle and list of friends. We had hoped for him a long and distinguished career; we had rejoiced in the prospect of usefulness which the combination of so much piety and talent promised to produce; and we were congratulating the Church of Christ upon the speedy accession of another faithful and gifted brother to her work and ministry.

"But our God and Father has ordered it otherwise, and we bow in meek submission to His wise and holy will, beseeching Him that the bright example and early removal of His dear servant may be blessed to us who

survive, and stir us up to work more devotedly whilst it is called '*to-day.*'

"We need not assure you, reverend and dear sir, that we have spoken of your honoured son as we have done, not because we should rest our hopes concerning him (any more than he did his own) upon human merit, or the excellency of even Christian character, but because we rejoice to testify how faith in the finished work of Jesus '*works by love,*' and consecrates the soul to God; and because we wish to cheer the hearts of Christian parents by our loving testimony to the value of those early instructions in the sacred Scriptures, which were blessed by the Holy Spirit to the eternal welfare of your child.

"It might appear unbecoming in us, dear sir, to remind you of those blessed consolations which you have so often poured into the hearts of the sorrowful, and which it is your happy privilege and ours to appropriate under this present trial; but we pray that the 'sympathy of the Redeemer,' in all its sustaining blessedness, may be yours abundantly, and that your weaned heart, with one tie less to earth, and one more to heaven, may be enabled to realize still more and more the richness of His covenant promises, and the supports of His redeeming love.

"We remain,

"In all Christian esteem and sympathy,

"(Signed on behalf of the members of the Union),

"W. PAKENHAM WALSH, Chairman.

"HENRY MARTIN, Secretary, 13, College."

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